

national prejudices ran so high that no one durst venture to openly oppose it." The judgment of the House of Commons was swayed then as it is now. The House had neither judicial capacity nor judicial impartiality.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

### THE RIVAL UNIVERSITIES OF TORONTO.

TORONTO is perhaps singular among our Colonial cities in possessing two Universities. These two Universities are in their turn singular in each incurring at the same time a great but, we trust, not an irreparable loss. One of them has lost by fire its buildings and its library, and the other by avarice its character. But by energy and devotion buildings can be replaced, and so in most cases can books; by penitence and a long persistence in honesty character can be restored. We venture, however, to prophesy that the last traces of the great fire will have long disappeared, that a second stately building will have risen on the ashes of the melancholy ruins, and that the shelves of a noble library will a second time be well stocked with books before the stains have been wiped off the rival University. Its traffic in sham degrees will not soon be forgotten, even though by the power of the Crown it at once be forced to bring it to an end.

The history of these two institutions is curious. The first University of Toronto, known of old as King's College, had been strictly denominational, belonging to the Church of England. It was as unpopular as it was narrow. In the year 1850, by an Act of the Provincial Legislature, it was made a purely unsectarian and State University. The usual cry, no doubt, arose of "A godless college!" The orthodox began to sound an alarm to the conscience of all who hold by episcopacy and the Thirty-nine Articles and by nothing else. Dreadful pictures were drawn of young Canadians with not even piety to warm them in the midst of their winter snows. The pensive exile was depicted as he "Casts a long look where England's bishops shine," and the hat was sent round to provide him, if not with all which an ancient Church University can so freely give—if not with common-rooms and good sound port—at all events with orthodoxy. The appeal was not in vain. This society and that society made large grants; the University of Oxford gave £500, while £4,000 was subscribed by individuals. In 1852 a charter was granted by the Crown, and the new institution was founded under the title of The University of Trinity College, Toronto, "for the education of youth in the doctrines and duties of the Christian Religion as inculcated by the United Church of England and Ireland, and for the instruction in the various branches of science and literature which are taught in the Universities of the United Kingdom." It was established on the rock of orthodoxy; but though grace was abounding, money apparently was not. In 1864 the hat—the mitre, perhaps, we should say—was again sent round in England, and an additional sum of £5,000 was raised. But even this was not sufficient; so twenty years later the Provost himself came on a begging visit to the old country. In Oxford he collected £5,000; the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge voted £3,000; the University of Cambridge and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were not wanting in orthodox liberality; private benefactors gave their contributions; and the holy man doubtless went back with joy, bringing his sheaves with him. But sheaves will not last for ever. The day does at length come when all the grain is threshed out, and there is little but chaff left. The Council was perplexed. We can picture to ourselves the five bishops, and their sixteen nominees who largely compose it, meeting together in pious sorrow as they contrasted their feeble orthodox University with its vigorous unsectarian rival. The Thirty-nine Articles are, no doubt, much; but, in a strictly worldly point of view, a State endowment is more. Begging had done for them all that begging could do.

How was the money to be raised and orthodox divinity to be fed? Colonial bishops are but men—not even peers. They cast their troubled eyes for help on all sides, and found none, unless they turned hucksters. If they had nothing else to sell that anyone cared to buy, at all events they could sell degrees. It was not a very respectable trade. Even the petty Universities of petty German States had been shamed out of it. But those foreign institutions had carried on their traffic for filthy lucre; but now Religion itself was in danger. Each bishop surely, as he thought of the success of the rival godless University, might, in his advocacy of this questionable trade, have said with Troilus: "A kind of godly jealousy which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin," moves me to agree to sell degrees in Music at the really very moderate sum of about £16 a-piece. Having once made up their minds to turn traders, the Council had the wisdom to wait on their customers instead of requiring their customers to wait on them. In Canada itself they do not seem to have offered their wares for sale; at all events it was not there that they established their Board of Examiners. They had the audacity to set up in London an examining body. They began by selecting three church organists, appointed them their "Referees in England," and with the help of an English Registrar had their whole apparatus in full working order. They seem to have thought that if "from harmony, from heavenly harmony, this universal frame began," it was only reasonable and just that the frame of a University should owe its continuance to the same source, the diapason closing full in Mus. Doc. They set to work with vigour. In 1886 they conferred six degrees in Music, in 1887 twenty-five, and in 1888 twenty-seven. How many they conferred last year we do not know, but as they had one hundred and five "undergraduates in Music," it may be assumed at a very moderate estimate that sixty degrees were conferred. There is no reason to believe that these musical undergraduates ever mean to set foot within their University. If they did, they would find no one to teach them and no one to examine them. For all their Alma Mater cares they may keep their terms in wandering through the British Isles, each carrying an Italian organ on his back, and leading a monkey by a chain.

Had these episcopal cheap-jacks of Toronto dealt only in degrees in Divinity, no one in all likelihood would have troubled his head about them. Oxford and Cambridge would have looked on with contemptuous indifference. A D.D. in our old Universities is no more a measure of learning than the lump of chalk in the story was of the size of the stone which was flung at the man's head. But the case is very different when the examination is in Music. In that faculty a great and a successful effort has been made to raise the standard, and the degree conferred is a mark of real knowledge. The three church organists, however, are easy-going men. With them as "Referees," several persons who have not been successful in meeting the requirements of our English examining institutions have been made Bachelors and even Doctors of Music. Some of these graduates, with the basest ingratitude to the most indulgent of mothers, have forgotten, in advertising their distinctions, to indicate the University to which they owe them. The holy men of Toronto will maintain, no doubt, that what they are doing is for the good of their Church, and that they are acting within their charter. In the false testimony which they bear to the knowledge of these ignorant musicians, they after all only follow the example set them by the base Presbyterians.

Perhaps the worst part of this bad business is the ingratitude of these men to the two great English Universities, where they raised so much of their funds. That they are ruining their own narrow institution is of little importance. They may flourish for a time by their ill-earned money, but, in the long run, they will assuredly find that in more senses than one they have become "small by degrees." South, in one of his sermons, finely says that "no man's religion ever survives his morals." Though his religion die, yet his orthodoxy may still flourish like a green bay-tree.

We have no doubt that these orthodox dealers in dubious degrees still look with a sour eye on their "godless" neighbours.

We turn with pleasure to the real, the genuine University of Toronto. The blow which has fallen upon it is indeed severe. In a few brief minutes that great building in which its students took such just pride was the sport of the flames. The lads who, eager for learning, had flocked in from the far North-West, in a moment on that dreary winter's night felt themselves homeless. Their Alma Mater, their nurturing mother, was struck to the ground. In a new country years count almost for centuries, and time does its work quickly. Round the stately building associations and memories had already grown; in many a distant town and lonely village the men of middle age turned towards it with fond recollections and love, and the young with eager hopes and longings. It had stood but thirty years, yet one of the Canadian newspapers speaks of it as venerable. And venerable, worthy of all reverence, has it shown itself in the noble fortitude with which it has faced misfortune. It had done something else but trade in degrees: it had been a nursing-school of men. It had done its duty, and it did not cease to do it because calamity had burst upon it. There was something most pathetic in the very time in which this heavy blow fell. It was, in all the year, the evening in which the University kept its great annual festival. The halls and corridors, the lecture-rooms and galleries were all decked; the lads and lasses (for there are women-students), professors and professors' wives, and citizens by the hundreds, were dressing for the party, when on a sudden the flames shot up, and the cry ran from street to street, and from house to house, that the University was on fire:

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

It was the night of Friday, February 14th. On the following Monday morning the work of the University was going on as usual. Temporary rooms had been found, and there were the professors giving their lectures, and there were the students taking their notes. Their noble old President, Sir Daniel Wilson, to whom they already owed so much, unshaken by grief, had stood erect like a tower, though a tower undermined by years. He laid his beloved University under one more debt, and showed a fortitude and an energy which were not only at once fruitful in good work, but will assuredly kindle in many a young heart a generous flame of love for the common good which shall never be extinguished. Like old Latimer, he "played the man." May he be spared to see the walls rise again of a still nobler building, where for many a long age the flower of the youth of Canada shall come to drink deep at the spring of knowledge. There, as they sit in their halls and their rooms, their talk shall sometimes run on the dreadful fire which laid low the rising hopes of the young University. There shall they boast of the stout hearts of their forefathers, and of the deep love which they bore to duty and learning; and there shall they tell how the aged President, even before the ashes of the conflagration were cold in which their first home sank to ruins, was already planning that far more stately edifice round which shall centre so much of their pride, of their affections, and of their hopes.

### UNEASINESS IN THE CITY.

THE optimist feeling which was so strong in the City quite lately has altogether disappeared, and in its place there is uneasiness not unmixed with apprehension. The change is due mainly to the fear that a breakdown upon the Berlin Bourse is imminent, and that before very long there must be a very severe crisis in the Argentine Republic followed by a long depression. For six or seven years there has been an extraordinary number of Argentine loans and companies brought out in Europe, chiefly in London. The total amount raised for the national and provincial Governments and for industrial institutions is not less than one hundred millions sterling. An equal amount has been raised at home,

and at the same time inconvertible paper has been issued in very large amounts, while two great land banks have issued immense sums in the form of bonds secured by the mortgage of lands and houses. The result has been a wild speculation in which all classes from the highest to the lowest have participated, an almost unprecedented rise in prices, and a depreciation of the paper money, which is going on so rapidly just now that it looks as if the notes would become speedily worthless, like the French assignats. At one time last week the depreciation was as much as 60 per cent., and though there has since been a slight recovery, the notes are again falling in value nearly to what they were last week. At the same time some tradespeople in Buenos Ayres have combined not to do business in future except on a gold basis, and if their example is followed widely it is evident that the notes will disappear altogether from circulation. If this were to happen, as the notes are legal tender, and there is practically no coin in the country, business would be brought to a standstill for a time, since no one would have the means of paying his debts. As a matter of course, the depreciation of the notes is accompanied by numerous failures of speculators all over the Republic and by a steady fall in prices. It is said, indeed, that most of the stock-brokers in Buenos Ayres are able to do business only because the banks find themselves compelled to continue to give them credit. But as Argentine securities are very largely held not only by investors, but by bankers, financial houses, syndicates, and trust companies here and on the Continent, the crash that seems to be impending will inflict losses that must be widely felt, and that may have very serious consequences.

A crisis on the Berlin Bourse if it were to occur would not have the same direct influence upon investors in this country, but indirectly it would affect them very seriously. For years past speculation has been rampant on all the German Bourses. The German banks, unlike our own, for the most part act as Stock Exchange Brokers as well as transacting what we consider proper banking business. They have branches all over the country, and they canvass actively for orders. Generally they enable their clients to buy by lending to them on easy terms, and as Germany has undoubtedly been very prosperous for several years past the instigation of the bankers has brought about an almost universal spirit of gambling. Of late speculation has run most generally into mining and other industrial shares. The military expenditure of the Government and railway construction have caused a great demand for iron and steel. Prices have risen high, and in consequence iron and steel companies, coal companies, and the like, have been speculated in wildly. The shares of one mining company, for example, rose from about 87¼ at the end of July to 138½ at the end of December, and had fallen at the end of last month to about 100. In another case there was a rise from 198 to 285, followed by a fall to 187. In a third case there was a rise from 158 to 327, followed by a fall in the succeeding two months to 223½. These are given only as illustrations, but they serve to show how reckless was the spirit of speculation, and how heavy have been the losses. To cover these losses the speculators last week and the week before began to sell on the other Continental Bourses and here in London securities for which there was a market outside of Germany, and there was a very general fear last week in consequence that the forced sales would cause so heavy a fall in prices that the other Continental Bourses and the London Stock Exchange might be involved in the difficulties under which Berlin was staggering. This week, however, selling has been much more moderate, and it is understood that the great banks in Germany have combined to prevent, or, at all events, to postpone, the crisis which last week seemed inevitable.

It may be that the German banks will be as successful as those of Paris were last year, that the speculators will receive the pecuniary assistance they require, and that gradually confidence will be restored. But, on the other hand, if political apprehension springs up either as a consequence of the recent elections, or because of any other event there may be a severe



crisis, and if again matters become much worse in the Argentine Republic the fall in Argentine securities will adversely affect speculators and investors in Germany, and thus add to their difficulties. While matters are thus uncertain it is natural that there should be a general pause in Stock Exchange business. Investors will be able to buy on more favourable terms if the German and Argentine difficulties become greater, and investors, therefore, in large numbers are waiting upon events. On the other hand, speculators hesitate to operate largely. They remember how the Bank of France was able to stop a panic in Paris twelve months ago, and yet they fear that speculation has been carried too far, and in too many directions, to permit of any material recovery in prices.

### LADY JOURNALISTS.

TWO circumstances have lately combined to arouse the public interest in lady journalists—first, the race of the two lady reporters from New York round the world; and secondly, the establishment of a school in Westminster for training women in every branch of press work. So quietly have women worked at journalism in England that few people are aware how steadily the numbers so employed have been increasing, till now the School of Journalism has roused a little scare, and the voice of indignation is heard throughout the land. That women, not content with penetrating into the pulpit, should also bring the rustle of petticoats within the sacred precincts of Fleet Street, and sit at the reporters' table, is a species of audacity that must be checked. In reproachful accents the *Scots Observer* bids woman return to the domestic hearth, and, should she have a talent for journalism, there exercise it by writing articles on Shakespeare and the musical glasses, to fill up the columns of the evening papers. But Miss Billington, of the *Echo*, a lady journalist of considerable experience, says:—"The demand for the bright sparkling fantasy of even a good miscellaneous article is limited, while the market is over-crowded with such wares. They come in by shoals every morning, and some may be passable, others hopelessly commonplace; but the regular staff is seldom at a loss to produce such of these as may be wanted, while they can do the other work as well." So that those women who spin paragraphs one day in order to have bread to eat the next, are not likely to follow the advice of the *Scots Observer*.

The danger about this newly established school is that it will flood the market with women supplied with a smattering of shorthand, a vast knowledge of abbreviation and printers' signs, but with only a scanty knowledge of literature, and without the slightest instinct for journalism. At present the lady journalist has to pick up her knowledge by experience, a species of training which is useful in weeding out and turning back those who are not naturally quick-witted and courageous. The special opening for women on the press does not lie in the direction of shorthand reporting, but in the condensing of the old-fashioned verbatim report into the fresh, crisp paragraph of modern journalism. We live too rapidly now to read any one man's speech entire, much less the twenty or more speeches which are delivered daily, and what we want is the gist of the matter so given that it can be grasped at once. To take an instance in point, one which shows the tendency of modern journalism with all its advantages and all its faults: last year a Prince was laying the foundation stone of a charitable institution; we all know this sort of ceremony—the opening prayer, the speeches, the votes of thanks, and the dispersal. The reporters had obtained a list of the chief notables present, and were busy taking down the speeches, their eyes fixed on their shorthand books. There was one lady reporter present who contented herself with jotting down the main points of each speech, and between whiles let her eyes rove over the assembly, noting the decorations of the marquee and the general effect of the ceremony. Presently she saw a most amusing little comedy: the ubiquitous photographer was in the background

trying to take a photograph of the Prince, but the Prince had perceived him and had got behind a handy palm. The photographer shifted his position till he once more secured a favourable site, but by this time someone was offering up a prayer, and with a quiet smile the Prince devoutly buried his face in his hat. When the evening papers came out, most of them contained a full report of the excellent speech of the Prince, and the beautiful prayer of the Bishop, and no one read these reports; but the paper which had a descriptive account of the ceremony as a whole, and told the comedy of the Prince and the photographer, was widely read and widely quoted. It is especially for the London letters of the larger local papers that this bright descriptive writing is needed, and is often entrusted to women's delicate hands. Such is the chief virtue of the lady journalist; her chief fault is a lack of grammar and punctuation, and a general carelessness of detail. It was the lady reviewer of a religious periodical who wrote of a bishop's sermons, "This book is full of pithy sentences"; but corrected her proof so inadequately that when the notice appeared it read, "This book is full of filthy sentences," and the bishop was wroth. It was a lady also who, on being asked to write an obituary notice within an hour, sent word up to the editor that she "couldn't collect her thoughts," and even the supposed omnipotent editor had to confess he couldn't collect them for her.

Lady journalists can usually be divided into three classes: (1) The society lady who sells her sense of honour for a guinea a week by contributing scandal to some gossiping journal; (2) the writer of ladies' letters and dress articles; and (3) the journalist proper who has fought her way through every branch of her craft. The first class has often been unpleasantly pictured, and the second class has often been ridiculed. It is rather hard that some of the male journalists should hold up to scorn the women who write about dress, and that others should courteously point out that that is woman's only legitimate corner in journalism. At any rate many writers of ladies' letters are hard-working women, who make a good income. "Madge," of *Truth*, is said to receive £500 a year for her weekly letter.

The third class of lady journalists are those who occupy various posts according to their special gifts. To it belong Mrs. Crawford, Paris correspondent to the *Daily News*; Miss Lowe, the editor of the *Queen*; Miss Friedrichs, reporter and interviewer to the *Pall Mall*; and many more whose names are too numerous to mention. There is scarcely a daily or weekly paper which does not number a lady on its staff, and it is amusing to know that feminine fingers find their way into the *Scots Observer*, in spite of its scornful attitude. Of course lady journalists have to do without chaperones, they are often about alone after dark, and some even have the audacity to live in chambers. Yet they are perhaps as pleasant and interesting a set of women as it is possible to meet, and their independent ways and wide experience are very refreshing after much companionship with ordinary women. From concert to School Board meeting, from the unveiling of this bust to the opening of that bazaar, they toil on their unceasing round, and manage to enjoy the work. Over in America, of course, our sisters of the press have "licked us hollow." Some of us perhaps have worked in sweaters' dens, or spent the night in a casual ward, in search of copy; but it is told of Miss Nelly Bly that she spent a week in a lunatic asylum and feigned madness in a way which marks her as an actress as well as a writer. Such enthusiasm in the great cause of journalism can be spared in English women. But the press women of New York have their club, and that is a point we might well copy. There is no place in Fleet Street where the rushing reporteress can get a proper meal, and to do men's work on women's food, or to do reporting on tea and buns, is not conducive to health. There must be at least 200 lady journalists in London, and many more in the country, to whom such a club would be of inestimable benefit, if only someone could be found with time and energy to start it. The very need of such a club is proof that lady journalists are rapidly becoming more numerous and more powerful.

## DINNER OF THE FRIENDS OF LITERATURE.

THE annual dinner of the above Society was held last Saturday evening in the Holborn Restaurant (Gilded Saloon) behind locked doors. It has been erroneously reported in the morning papers as a dinner of the booksellers' trade union. As a matter of fact, no reporters were admitted, but, owing to the notorious moral laxity of literary men, we have been offered several reports of the proceedings, and have selected the cheapest.

Covers were laid for 250; and the distinguished company included the Right Hon. W. H. Sm<sup>th</sup> (Chairman), Sir Edw<sup>rd</sup> Cl<sup>rke</sup>, Canon F<sup>rr</sup>, the Editor of *T-B-Ts*, Dr. F<sup>rniv</sup>, Mr. Walter B<sup>s</sup>, Mr. R<sup>d</sup> H<sup>gg</sup>, Mr. Meeson, the Secretary of the N<sup>tion</sup> V<sup>gil</sup>nce Association, &c. &c. The loyal and patriotic toasts having been duly honoured,

The RIGHT HON. W. H. SM<sup>TH</sup> proposed LITERATURE in an impassioned speech. He had heard Literature decry'd (he said), and often with some show of justice; but he believed that England owed a great deal to Literature; and for his part he thought it his duty, in words that had been quoted before, but would bear repetition, to "speak well of the horse that had carried him over." That was a proverb. He believed in all proverbs, and wondered why literary men did not oftener apply themselves to writing in the proverbial form. Such efforts would be a boon to public speakers, and would be lucrative. He called the ghost of Martin Farquhar Tupper to witness this! (Loud cheers.) He was glad to hear those cheers; because, though Tupper may not have been a great author, he was a typically English author, in the best sense of the term, and as such could lie on any drawing-room table. (Renewed cheers.) There were certain Frenchmen—(Groans, and a voice "Leprous")—one of them he believed was called Zola—(Cries of "Zola! Zola!" and uproar)—who by a recognition of sex in their writings—

*An interruption here rendered the Right Hon. Gentleman's remarks inaudible, the Secretary of the N<sup>tion</sup> V<sup>gil</sup>nce Association being carried out in a fit by two waiters.*

Proceeding, MR. SM<sup>TH</sup> regretted the effect of his words, but there were times when strong speech became a duty to Crown and country. He was the last man to stoop to improprieties. Indeed, if such things as improprieties existed (which he was far from allowing) he shut his eyes to them. He had throughout his business career consistently denied both sex and discount; and now, in the declining years of life, he could stand before them without asking them, in the poet's words, to "pity the sorrows of a poor old man." Thank God! he had a clear conscience and a yacht called the *Pandora*. (Wild cheers.)

Dr. F<sup>rniv</sup> responded.—He had known more authors than any man alive. (A voice, "No!") Who call'd "No!"? He'd like to see the skunk—the besotted liar—who call'd "No!" Bah! Who stole the cat?

At this point the speaker became engaged in personal conflict with a stout, middle-aged guest, and while the pair rolled beneath the table—

Mr. Ch<sup>rt</sup> C<sup>ll</sup>ns proposed his own health, and replied in suitable terms.

Mr. R<sup>d</sup> H<sup>gg</sup> proposed the health of Mr. A. L<sup>ng</sup>.

Mr. A. L<sup>ng</sup> replying, proposed Mr. R<sup>d</sup> H<sup>gg</sup>'s health.

Mr. R<sup>d</sup> H<sup>gg</sup> responded in a speech which lasted, with some interruptions, for sixty-five minutes, and concluded with an invitation to the guests to form a society for the purpose of gaining wider recognition and appreciation for his works.

The speaker was continuing; but at this point Mr. Meeson, the eminent publisher, who had been observed furtively sharpening a knife on his boot whilst Mr. H<sup>gg</sup> was speaking, was taken with an access of blood-madness; and the guests dispersed in confusion; the agility displayed by Mr. H<sup>gg</sup> in particular exciting general admiration.

The unfortunate Mr. Meeson ran a-muck in Oxford Street for some hours. There is no hope of his recovery.

## AULD WILL RITSON.

AULD Will Rutson's deed! Ye mind him—Auld Will of Wasdale. Ey, I was ower at Netherwasdale at his berryin' last week-end. What a man he was for sure! Four score and four, I reckon. "A grand auld man," dusta say? Tha's reet theer. Grand for wrustlin', grand for tally-ho, grand for a teal, grand for a lee! What a wrustler! Do ye mind t' auld man at Grasmer? I do reet well. He was young Will in yon days, and a girt strap-pin' chap. Doon they went afore him, the bit boys, like nobbut sa menny eighteen cannels. Ey, but he was his fadder's son, was Will. Ye niver could hev matched the pair of them for limb and wind. And now they're beath under t' grass, fadder and son, marra-ta-bran. But auld Will—what a tally-ho! Up and away afore the sleepy-heeds had risen frae their beds, ye'd hear his music in t' morning frae ower t' crags and doon t' ghylls, and across the heather bells. It would be "Hark! A kill! The fox is tean! It's auld Will's tally-ho!" And what a man for a crack! What teals! what queer sayings! what a gift o' gap and gumption! It was sec as ye gie, sec will ye get, wi' Will. And, my word, what a wrustler he was with the tongue too! Bad for the bettermer folk 'at tried to tak' it oot of auld Will. It was parlish odd if they duddent tummel. I mind me ya day two theologic chaps frae Saint Bee's—professin' at college, thoo knows, white chokers and seam as that—coom't over to Wasdale for auld Will to guide them up Scawfell. Will was keeping the inn on Wasdale Heed then, so away he set wi' 'em, and on t' road yan o' the two gat to plaguing t' auld man about this, and about that, and when they coom't to t' top, "Will," said he, "just mount the beacon and offer thanks to Providence that you've brought us up to the summit at last." So auld Will, never lettin' wit, clammered to t' top o' t' beacon and prayed. "O Lord," sed Will, "I thank Thee that oot o' Thy mercy Thoo has this day letten these two wise asses come sa near to heaven—for Thoo know'st it's the highest they'll ever get tul it."

I mind, too, a story that John Richardson telt of how ya other day some young stuck-up swells coom't to t' inn and thowt to tak' a rise oot o' t' auld man wi' teals about butchin' swine in Manchester—three hundred a day, and drussin' as fratch. "It's wonderful wark, na doot," sed Will, blinkin' like a cat in t' sun, "but do ye see yon sew on t' midden theer?" "Ey," said ya swell chap. "Weel," sed Will, "I've a queer machine in my granary loft, and I'll bet ye a pound if thoo'll catch her, and pop her nicely intil it, and give her three turns aboot, she'll come out bacon, weel boilt and t' flicks weel fryt." "What a horrid lee!" sed t' swell chap, glowering at Will. "Mebbe," sed Will, "mebbe, but dusta think I's to be bang't at leeing by sec a thing as thee?"

Will kept the best house in Wasdale, and being a famous sort of character, he had all t' tourin' folk, high and low, to stay wi' him. But it's telt of him—though I waddent stand to truth on't—that yance in a way he had two rival hostleries in Wasdale, and broke up beath by a stroke of wit. Ya house was call't "The Cock," and that was short for t' "Black Cock," and t' other was call't "The Bull," and the two men 'at kept them were allus fratchin' ower their customers. Just when they were thrang on some bodderment a new parson coom't to Wasdale, and the landlord of "The Black Cock" thowt of a way to curry favour with him. What did the clot-heed do but tak' doon his auld sign of the Cock, and get laal Jerry, the painter frae Gosfor', to mak' him another wi' a picture of the new parson. But when his customers saw t' new sign they snirpt up their noses, and went ower t' way to t' "Bull," whereupon the landlord of the "Bull" bowt the sign of the Black Cock frae laal Jerry, and stuck it up in place of his awn. Man, what wark there was then! What fratching! What jeering! What laughing! And all the while t' landlord who had had t' new sign painted was as mad as a piper and boddert oot of his wits what to do—whether to stick to the new sign and go to t' workhouse for it, or tak' it doon and insult t' parson. But at last auld Will whispered summat in the clot-heed's ear, and then laal Jerry was sent for agean, and ya morning folks saw under



the picture of the new parson these words, in girt red prent :—  
"THIS IS THE OLD COCK."

He allus kept a blithe heart, did Will, year in, year out, whether he had gude crops or tholed thistles, whether the day was fine or the sky ower-kessen. There was nobbut ya fault wi' Will—he knew ower much. Swallow all he said and ye'd not want for stomach. He'd travel't far, but if he'd been all t' world ower he could never have seen much mair nor he telt of; and he was auld, but if he'd been eight hundred forby eighty he couldn't have known varra menno mair girt folk. Bless ye, talk of Southey, he ken't him; or Coleridge, he minded him; or Wadsworth, they were seam as brothers; and as for John Wilson—Christopher North as they call't him—thoo'd think nowt but he'd spent aw his time puttin' doon the girt Professor wi' the cross-buttock. That was auld Will's only fault, and I was minded of it this varra morning when I leeted on lang John Jackson on t' Borrowdale road. "So auld Will Rutson's deed," sed John. "He is," sed I. "He was a churchwardener," sed John. "He was," sed I. "And an owerseer o' the poor," sed John. "That's true," sed I. "And on t' Board o' Guardians," sed John. "Ey," sed I. "And a varra gude man a' roond," sed John. "That he was," sed I. "But sec a leer!" said John, "sec a leer!"

HALL CAINE.

### INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

(FROM THE BENCHES.)

EVERY ordinary topic of House of Commons gossip this week sinks into insignificance beside the attitude and action of Lord Randolph Churchill and the faithful few who were supposed to form his party. All through the week the most contradictory rumours were rife. First of all we were told Lord Randolph had fully made up his mind to vote with Mr. Gladstone; then that he had been successfully got at, and might be relied upon to give his vote to the Government. Then came the explosion of conjecture which followed the notice of Mr. Jennings' amendment. Every one was certain it would at least receive the support of Lord Randolph and his friends. The list of guests at his dinner party on Saturday furnished more food for talk, and altogether the main interest of all the week may be said to have centred around him, and his intentions, and his dinner. Amongst Conservatives and the more solid of the Unionists, Lord Randolph's action stimulated a feeling of bitterness, almost amounting to hatred. I have often heard him railed at as being too candid a friend to be of use, but I have never before heard anything like the wealth of language used by Tories to express their indignation at his attitude. The most desperate efforts were made by the Whips to detach his small band of supporters. It seemed to be felt on the Conservative side that now or never was the time when he must be finally crushed. Lord Randolph added fuel to all the fire by his frequent conferences with his friends. All these factors of disturbance worked up a perfectly electrical interest in Tuesday's debate. When the eventful night arrived, behold our resourceful Randolph had provided a fresh surprise, for, before Mr. Jennings could move his amendment, there was Lord Randolph on his feet, commencing a speech on the main question, thereby ruthlessly crushing out the unfortunate Mr. De Lisle, who was left feebly protesting all in vain. The House, crowded in every part, listened eagerly to the fierce denunciations of his own side which Lord Randolph dealt out with no sparing hand. He was enthusiastically cheered by the Opposition. His own side received his tirade in grim silence. So far as influencing House of Commons opinion went, the speech was an utter failure. Its only effect was to detach Mr. Jennings from his small band of supporters; but it was a speech which no one who heard it will ever forget. It was the speech of a strong man, goaded by recollection of what he considered unmerited wrong, and fighting with his back to the wall, determined that, come what might, he would for once have the satisfaction of telling his former colleagues what he thought of them. Among Tories generally there is the most curious diversity

of opinion on the main question. Some declare they voted for the resolution because they believe in the findings. Others say belief or disbelief has nothing to do with it—that Parliament having ordered a Report, has got it, and can do no less than thank those who took the trouble to make it. All agree in two things. First, that the country will not care one straw what the House of Commons does with the Report; and, second, that Lord Randolph and the present leaders of the Tory party have separated for ever. He must annihilate them in the country, or they must crush him and his.

(FROM THE GALLERY.)

The later days of the debate on the Parnell Commission Report have been remarkable for three things—the count out, the revolt of Lord Randolph Churchill, and the flight of Mr. Jennings from his own amendment. At one time it seemed as if a cave of formidable dimensions were forming against the Government. Two considerable groups of Conservatives and Liberal Unionists were disposed to rise above party ties; but in the end the pressure of discipline became too strong, and a secession which threatened to be formidable dwindled away into insignificance.

To allow a count-out on a great historical debate, if not the worst, is at least the most ludicrous blunder committed by the present Government. Mr. Smith evidently felt this when he appeared on Monday with his motion for reviving the lapsed order for the debate on the Parnell Commission. His tone was humble and apologetic, and he had really nothing to say in defence of the indifference of his followers, or the carelessness of the whips. The meekness of the leader of the House disarmed the Opposition, and there was no serious resistance to the restoration of the lapsed order, though some interesting points of order were raised. Mr. Sexton, who spoke first, made the longest speech in a debate already distinguished for the length of its speeches. He was on the occasion the spokesman—the orator—of his party, and he had a right, therefore, to large claims on the attention of the House. His brilliant speech would not have suffered by compression; but, in spite of a little diffuseness, and over-elaboration, retained the interest of a crowded house to the last. Mr. Sexton speaks with a finish of style and richness of language which few members of the House command. Sometimes, indeed, his points are in danger of being lost in the luxuriance of his rhetoric. This slight drawback is more than counterbalanced by the felicitous phrases in which his best points are couched. His speech, in addition to its merely debating power, contained some interesting revelations on the relations of the *Times* and the Government, and some inquiry will yet have to be made into the efforts made by promises of liberty to induce witnesses to give evidence for the *Times*. Dr. Wallace's description of Mr. Smith's motion as a proposal for "interring" the Report in the Journals of the House was neat and happy.

Mr. Balfour, who wound up the debate for the Government, made a speech which did something to revive the drooping spirits of the Conservatives. They felt that Ministers had been immensely over-weighted in the debate, and they looked to the Chief Secretary to do something to restore the balance. They were not altogether disappointed. Mr. Balfour was reckless, defiant, and bold in his treatment of the question. He got over awkward difficulties by audacious denials, and while he expressed his indignation at the forgeries, he did all he could to give force and substance to the calumnies against the Irish members. All the old stories, the indiscreet speeches, the angry utterances of the Coercion régime from 1880 to 1885, were trotted out again. The Chief Secretary was in his most insolent and exasperating vein. His object seemed to irritate and wound the Irish leader and his friends, but Mr. Parnell listened to Mr. Balfour's taunts and denunciations in silent disdain. Sir William Harcourt described Mr. Balfour's performance as a violent and vapouring speech, and answered it with vigour and effect.

Tuesday was a memorable day in the House of Commons, and the most interesting event of the sitting was the revolt of Lord Randolph Churchill. His onslaught on the policy of the Government was delivered amidst the delighted cheers of the Opposition. Murmurs once or twice rose on his own side of the House; but he turned sharply and boldly on his assailants. They inflicted on him one petty insult. He asked one of them to bring a glass of water, and several of them openly refused. Conservative chivalry refused, therefore, to its former idol a cup of cold water. The result of the Commission he summed up in one word "Pigott." Upon this unhappy victim of the *Times* he poured out a wealth of vituperation more suggestive of the charnel-house than the House of Commons. The noble lord seemed thoroughly in earnest, and his denunciation of the conduct of the Government for endorsing the slanders of the *Times* made Mr. Smith and his colleagues wince. Mr. Chamberlain followed Lord Randolph Churchill; but he never attempted to answer his arguments. The member for Birmingham was weak, limp, and positively dull. His decline into Toryism appears to have blunted his faculties; and his recent speeches have been wanting in the keenness and force and vigour which used to distinguish his public utterances.

The most unexpected result of Lord Randolph Churchill's speech was its effect on his own small party. Mr. Jennings has been the faithful follower of the noble lord, and his amendment on the Address had become the centre of political interest. But, to borrow the phrase used by Mr. Disraeli on a similar occasion, "the favourite bolted." Mr. Jennings ran away from his own amendment, and gave as an excuse that he had been frightened by Lord Randolph Churchill's attitude to the Government. His object had been not to strike the Government, but to assist them; and he declined to move his amendment after the meaning which had been affixed to it by Lord Randolph Churchill's speech. The stampede of Mr. Jennings was followed by the break-up of the Cave which had been forming on the Ministerial side. The political cowardice of the member for Stockport turned the waverers; and long before the hon. member concluded his speech it was known that there would be no large defection. Mr. Jennings, however, though he abandoned his own offspring, delivered his speech, and condemned, in direct and manly terms, the conduct of the Government in relation to the *Times*. The long debate was brought to a close for the Government by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a violent and extravagant speech which occasionally descended to the level of mere rant. In line it was similar to Mr. Balfour's. It was an appeal to the worst passions, and a degrading effort to stimulate dying animosities. Mr. Morley's reply to the Chancellor of the Exchequer was crushing in its directness and force. He concluded by declaring that the Irish people were going to adhere to their leaders, and "we," he added, "are going to stick to them." The most satisfactory result of the debate is that the Tory majority, which stands above 80, sunk in the final division to 62.

### FROM PALL MALL WINDOWS.

#### AN OUTLOOK ON MEN AND AFFAIRS.

AFTER a long period of indecision, Dr. Westcott has accepted the See of Durham, and all sincere friends of the Church of England ought to be pleased. Certainly the new Bishop belongs to no party. Indeed, there is a certain Turner-esque mistiness about his views on controverted points which makes it impossible to assign him definitely to anyone of the three great divisions of ecclesiastical thought. But his piety, his learning, his absorbing diligence in sacred study, and his consuming zeal for religion have won him the respect and affection, not only of all Churchmen, but of devout thinkers beyond the Church's pale. The most impressive feature of Dr. Westcott's intellectual character is that he reconciles, without any apparent effort, devotion to the Historic Creed of Christendom, with an eager appreciation of scientific research.

He once told a class of pupils that the two boons which he most earnestly desired for them were "a firm faith in criticism, and a firm faith in God." The fearless subordination of the terms was highly characteristic of the man.

Old Parliamentary hands are delighted with the bust of Lord Farnborough (so much better known as Sir Thomas Erskine May) which has just been unveiled in the Library of the House of Commons. It portrays, of course, not the rich joviality of his social demeanour, but the grave and almost judicial air which he wore in the House of Commons. It is highly satisfactory to lovers of art to find that in Mr. Bruce Joy we have a sculptor capable of producing so characteristic a likeness without the assistance of a single sitting.

The chief feature of the unveiling was an admirable speech from our distinguished namesake—The Speaker. He spoke from his heart, and, alike in conception, style, and elocution, his address was quite first-rate. It is curious that though Mr. Arthur Peel sat for all but twenty years in Parliament before he was selected to the Chair, hardly anyone knew that he was one of the most finished and graceful orators in the House of Commons. His speech, in returning thanks for his election, fairly fascinated the House, which discovered, all too late, that it had just condemned one of its most eloquent members to a perpetual silence.

Social activity, which has lain dormant under the combined effects of Lent, Influenza, and East wind, has suddenly awoke. Once again there is dining and giving of dinners, and as much decorous festivity as is compatible with the chastened atmosphere of the ecclesiastical season. Lady Rosebery has entertained the Liberal party at the pleasant house in Berkeley Square, once so famous throughout Europe as the abode of Sarah Countess of Jersey—The "Zenobia" of *Endymion*.

Mrs. William Lowther has welcomed the world at Lowther Lodge, Kensington Gore—a house which may claim to have led that movement in favour of red brick and gables which has so happily varied the wilderness of London stucco. The Duchess of Bedford in Eaton Square, and Lady Stanhope in Grosvenor Place, show what fine pictures and good furniture, and rooms well lighted and company well dressed, can do towards giving a brilliant and festive appearance to the least favourable specimens of domestic architecture.

There is always a satisfaction in seeing a worthy and capable man attain the summits of his ambition, not least when the objects of our own desire lie in a different direction. Thus we have sincere pleasure in noting the fact that Sir Henry James has dined with the Queen at Windsor Castle, and has thereby reached the crowning point of a life distinguished by industry, energy, and honourable toil.

It was Sir Henry James who was chosen in the Counsels of the Liberal party to oppose the Imperial Title Bill in the House of Commons; and as it was understood that our gracious Sovereign had specially set her affections on the brand-new diadem which Lord Beaconsfield's Oriental fancy had fashioned for her, there were those who feared that the hostile action of Sir Henry James might bar his way to Courtly favour. But the Imperial gew-gaw is now safe, perhaps because forgotten; the Liberal spokesman is a Unionist champion; the past is forgiven, and a good man made happy.

### THE SITUATION IN THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

BY A BALKAN POLITICIAN.

WHILE all Europe seems to be lulled into a delicious dream of peace, we in the Balkan Peninsula feel, with increasing alarm, the vibrations of the earth trodden by hundreds of thousands of soldiers in Poland and Galicia.

We have had of late quite a series of events which prove that Russia is working with increased energy.

First of all we had the toast of the Russian Minister a



Cetigné, acclaiming the youngest son of the Prince of Montenegro as "Grand Duke of Zacholmia." Zacholmia (which is the old name of Herzegovina) has never belonged to Montenegro, nor has the dynasty of Petrovich the slightest claim to it. That toast is accepted as official confirmation of the rumours that Russia has promised Herzegovina to the Prince of Montenegro, as a recompense for his co-operation in the coming war. The Austrian Foreign Office swallowed this toast quietly, but all Herzegovina is transformed into an Austrian fortified camp.

Then we had periodically recurring rumours of the endeavours of Russian diplomacy to induce the Serbian Government to sign a formal defensive and offensive alliance. The Radical party is decidedly pro-Russian, but this is only because it starts from the *à priori* belief that Russia cannot demand from Serbia anything that would be incompatible with Serbia's national interests. The majority of the Serbians hold, quite in good faith, that Russia is going to fight Austria, only to force her to give up the two Serbian provinces which she has occupied. Yet with all their devotion to Russia the present rulers of Serbia show some reluctance to sign a formal treaty of alliance. Their first excuses were the financial condition of the country and its incomplete armament. Russia answered by a hint to Mons. Hoskier, who stepped forward to lend 26 millions of francs to the Serbian Government, and may step again forward to lend as much more. As for the armament, it is an open secret in Belgrade that Russia is going to lend to Serbia 100,000 of the same repeating rifles with which she is going to arm her own soldiers. Still it is believed that the Cabinet has not yet decided to join Russia. It is said they have drawn the attention of the Czar's Government to the fact that Serbia, as an ally of Russia, will have to be placed between two fires as long as Prince Ferdinand and Mr. Stambouloff rule supreme in Sofia.

It is just a year since Russia regained her influence in Belgrade. In the first joy of that unexpected triumph, Russian politicians thought that the regaining of Belgrade was more than compensation for the loss of Sofia. They do not acknowledge their disappointment, but it is quite evident. With King Milan away; with Garashanin and Mijatovich, the friends of the Triple Alliance, living in exile; with the anti-Russian Progressists persecuted, disorganised, and dispersed; with Russian friends in the Regency, in the Government, and in the National Assembly; with the Archbishop Michael at the head of the Church; and with Queen Nathalie presiding and inspiring Belgrade society, Russia still encounters difficulties! Serbia still hesitates! The leader of the Radicals, Mr. Pashich, has had to go to St. Petersburg, and has been already received by the Czar. Several pretexts have been found for his visit, but in the Radical circles in Belgrade it is whispered that he is there to sign the treaty of alliance. Yet the persons who are usually well informed believe that Mr. Pashich's mission has been prompted by the desire of the Serbian Government to explain to his Imperial Majesty, through a statesman who enjoys so fully his confidence, the impossibility in which Serbia finds herself to move more completely on Russian lines as long as the Triple Alliance predominates in Sofia. And the expected visit of the Prince of Montenegro to Belgrade is explained by some initiated just by this hesitation of Serbia, and by the necessity of bringing to bear on the Radical statesmen the personal influence of the "only friend of the Czar." Prince Nicholas will be undoubtedly well received; the papers will abound with patriotic leaders on the natural alliance between Serbia and Montenegro; but it is doubted if the blast of that enthusiasm will be able to blow away from Sofia, Prince Coburg and Mr. Stambouloff.

It is clearly of the utmost importance for Russia to regain her old position in Bulgaria. Major Panitza's plot was most unworthy, but certainly it is not the last device. Its unscrupulousness demonstrates only Russia's feverishness and impatience to succeed. With a Russian general as dictator in Sofia, Serbia's hesitation would cease at once, Roumania as an eventual ally of the Central Powers would be paralysed, and Turkey would

have to ponder twice if she is to cast her lot with the Triple Alliance. To regain Bulgaria must be the predominant idea of Russian policy at the present moment. The Slavists are so fully aware of that truth that, in their impatience and anxiety, they risk even to compromise their present position in Serbia. To reconcile the Bulgarians, and facilitate the advent of a Russian dictator in Sofia, the Slavophil Committee of St. Petersburg published, in January, an ethnographic map of the Balkan Peninsula, in which not only Macedonia and part of Albania, but even Old Serbia and some portions of the present Kingdom of Serbia, have been indicated as ethnographically Bulgarian. Whatever might have been the *arrière pensée* of this Slavophil publication, it certainly did not help Major Panitza's plot to succeed. It certainly did increase the unfriendly feelings which unfortunately still exist between the Bulgarians and Serbians, and it did raise quite a storm of indignation in Serbia against the Slavophiles. It is characteristic of public opinion in that country that at several meetings resolutions have been passed protesting against the injustice which this latest Slavophil publication does the Serbian nation, yet at the same time expressing their full confidence that the Czar desires nothing but to do Serbia justice! Even the students, who until lately sympathised more with the Nihilists than with the Czar, after having worded a violent protest against General Komaroff's new map, separated with three cheers for the Czar!

Now all this is very significant, especially in connection with other signs of the time. The Prince of Montenegro has, on numerous occasions during the last few years, publicly spoken of the Czar as the "Protector of Montenegro." He is known to favour the idea of the confederation of all Slavonic nations with Russia. It is true he admits also that the best plan would be to form a Balkanic Confederation with the Sultan at its head, and, on the occasion of his first visit to Constantinople three years ago, he made a deep impression on the Sultan by explaining to him his ideas on this subject. But of late he has found that "the theoretically best plan" is practically not to be realised, and that only a confederation with Russia is desirable and practicable. In Serbia the Archbishop Michael is known to propagate the same notions. It is generally believed that even so far back as 1883 he presented a memorandum to the Czar, pleading for the confederation of Serbia with Russia. Mr. Tatishcheff—who only last month wrote somewhat mysteriously in the *Ruski Vyesnik* "that Russia must fulfil her destiny in the Balkan Peninsula"—was sufficiently explicit last year in June, when he, in the same journal, declared "that the Serbians and the Bulgarians ought to enter into a close union with Russia, entrusting to her their representation abroad and the absolute command of their armies, and reserving to themselves the autonomy of their internal administration."

These and several other signs seem to justify the assumption that the true aim of Russia's policy is not only to dislodge Austro-Hungary from Bosnia and Herzegovina—not only to bring about a confederation of the Slavonic States in the Balkan Peninsula,—but to bring into closer union with herself all Slavonic nations in South-Eastern Europe. This is certainly a great aim, well worthy of a great and powerful Empire. It is a policy which is quite irresistible to the Russian mind. Russia has all chances to succeed in it, for she works for its accomplishment with a devotion which only a firm belief that it is her "manifest destiny" can impart. Her chances are at present considerable, because the majority of the Serbians and Bulgarians are looking with admiration on the greatness of Russia, and meet her without the slightest suspicion of her ultimate ends.

In this great movement—which is with increasing vigour shaking the rocks of Montenegro, the valleys of Serbia, and the snow-covered Balkans—there can be clearly distinguished a vibration of tragic character. Neither the Prince of Montenegro, nor the Archbishop Michael, nor Dragan Zankoff, desires to see their people become Russian. They all are patriots. All they

wish, and believe to be able to do, is to realise *by Russian help* the political ideal of their nations—the union of all Serbians and the union of all Bulgarians into strong and independent national States. Yet it is more than possible, it is probable, that the realisation of the immediate points of their programme—the alliance and closer union with Russia—would practically mean the end of the independence, and even of the existence, of the Serbian and Bulgarian nations. *Qui vivra verra!*

### SOUTH AFRICAN IMPRESSIONS.

JOHANNESBURG, January 11th.

THE journey from Kimberley to Johannesburg is effected by coach. The word bears a pleasant old-world flavour, but the reality belongs to a world entirely new. As for the vehicle, any visitor to the "Wild West," who ventured to enter Buffalo Bill's "Deadwood Coach," and was driven for a hundred yards to the accompaniment of Indian war-whoops, has only to multiply his experience by 17½, and the result by 300 (eliminating the war-whoops), in order to appreciate a three hundred miles' coach drive in South Africa. The road, or rather track, offers an indefinite series of surprises. Now it is hidden in clouds of red and peculiarly acrid dust, now (but not often) it is smooth as a lawn-tennis court, now again it is like Rotten Row after three days' rain, now it is strewn with boulders, like the bed of a Highland burn. But through it all—dust, mud, and rocks—our ten horses or mules bear us with unflinching courage, and safely, if not smoothly enough. It is a pleasure to watch the driving, which is usually shared between two officials. The "driver," seated on the off-side, wields the whip—eighteen feet of bamboo, with a fair "cast" of cord as the thong—and wields it with wonderful skill. He is not as high above his long team as the driver of an English coach, but he can hit any one of them with perfect certainty. His voice plays its part, too, and, with the whip, does a great part of the steering. The humbler assistant, who "holds the reins," sits in the middle seat. His reins are but four, one pair for the wheelers, the other for the leaders, the latter connecting with a plain bridle at the breast collar of each of the intermediate pairs. The weight of the leaders' reins, therefore, responsible as they are for eight horses, is very great, and the strain on the coachman, especially in turning, is very severe. The landscape varies less than the character of the road. Right and left lies the "veldt," here a dead flat, there rolling, and merged on the horizon into respectable hills: a pontoon takes us over the Vaal River, into the domain of the South African Republic. All along the road we pass the long trains of ox-waggons, the one transport service of the country. A "span" of fourteen is the usual team, but sixteen, eighteen, or up to a double span of twenty-eight, are not uncommon, and, travelling as they do in company, the number can be increased on emergency; once we noticed fifty-six trying to extricate a waggon which had become bogged in an awkward place on the road. There is something impressive in the sight of these long trains of oxen, plodding solemnly along in their night journey, with the moonlight gleaming on their wide horns. Life on an ox-waggon must be a placid and uneventful business—a sort of land *dahabeeyeh* voyage. Once only did we get a hint of more exciting possibilities in the charred remains of fourteen oxen lying in the very middle of the track, the victims of a single flash of lighting.

Of the roadside accommodation there is little to be said. The stoppages are usually for five or six hours—from 10 p.m. or so to 3 a.m. or 4 a.m. The food, if rough, is usually eatable, but it is advisable to be furnished, as by the kind forethought of our post we were, with what drinkables are needed for the journey. Our experience led us to conclude that the comfort of these posting houses was in an inverse ratio to their pretensions. Of one high-sounding hostelry in a "rising" mining settlement we have but a melancholy recollection—a vision of a pompous bar, all glass and mahogany, leading

to dubious little bedrooms of galvanised iron, with sanitary surroundings which would have broken the heart of Mr. Moule.

The word "bar" cannot fail to remind one of a serious blot on young South Africa—the amount of casual drinking at odd hours. Accustomed as we are at home to the unnecessary multiplication of gin-shops and beer-houses, we are fairly taken aback by the number of bars and saloons in these South African towns. "Cape Smoke," as the vile native brandy is called, is terribly cheap and correspondingly nasty; indeed, so powerful is it, that sailors, ordinarily of sober habits, are often conveyed on board helpless from its effects, and, when questioned, defend their conduct on the ground that to throw away the chance of getting dead drunk for 3d. would be an almost criminal neglect of a Providential opportunity. This is the poison chiefly affected by the Kaffirs; but a somewhat higher class, unluckily, are not less the slaves of compounds less rapid in operation but equally certain. As in America, where the same state of things can be noted to a large extent, much may be extenuated by the dry climate, and a life at once sedentary and exciting. Operations in shares, involving perhaps the quadrupling, or total loss, of a man's capital in twenty-four hours, put a strain on the system for which a bottle of champagne appears to be the simplest remedy; a grade lower, and the inception, discussion, and conclusion of every bargain or transaction, is in turn sealed with a glass of whisky. As a matter of fact, a good deal of alcohol can be taken with impunity in this climate, and among the upper classes excess is probably not commoner than with us; but with this reservation, any traveller who regards with warm interest the future of the country—and who can fail to do so?—must note with some concern this unfortunate symptom of national imprudence and lack of self-restraint. Moralising thus, in a key perhaps too confident for such sapid travellers, we breast the last rise which exhibits to us the iron roofs of Johannesburg glittering in the sun on the bare hill-side.

### THE BALLAD OF THE YOUNG BARD.

(A REPLY TO "THE BALLAD OF THE RED EARL.")

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, in a powerful poem in the *St. James's Gazette*, bitterly rebukes Earl Spencer for his loyalty to Mr. Gladstone and the Irish Cause.

YOUNG Bard, and will ye take for guide  
Our modish parrot-birds,  
That ye echo their shibboleths of scorn  
'Midst a torrent of whirling words?

Ye have taken the cant of the hour, Young Bard,  
As a standard of Wrong and Right;  
But the dark is done with the rising sun—  
Will ye crawl back into the night?

Ye have given us bold high words, Young Bard,  
With truth at their heart? Ah, nay!  
If wisdom come with the years, Young Bard,  
Ye shall eat them all one day.

Ye mock at "change" with a bitter tongue:  
They have changed, the Tory throng;  
But better the change from Wrong to Right,  
Than the change from Right to Wrong.

They have drifted fast, they have drifted far,  
And where shall their drifting lead,  
Who having gibed at the Patriot's word,  
Can gloat o'er the Forger's deed?

We have given our hands for honour's gain,  
And we count not party loss.  
Let fool-sheep drown in the depths of the pit  
They fear to loop across.



For some be cowards-in-grain, Young Bard,  
And some be cowards-in-fact,  
And cowards-direct, and cowards-elect ;  
Your sheep are cowards-in-pact.

Will ye cast your lot with these, Young Bard ?  
'Tis pity of your brand ;  
For the steel of the freeman's friend, Young Bard,  
Were fitter to your hand.

Ye have travelled fast, ye may travel far ;  
Will ye crouch to the Tory tether ?  
Hate at the end ye must take for friend,  
And Blindness for bell-wether.

They have Law and Order upon their lips,  
And they mouth them cantingly ;  
But the end of it all is the tyrant's thrall,  
That irks the soul of the free.

Young Bard, ye wear fresh laurels fair,  
And featly do ye sing.  
Do ye make Compassion of no account,  
And Justice a little thing ?

And have ye weighed your words, Young Bard,  
That stand and sing so high ?  
Is it so good that the curse of blood  
Should cling—at the price of a lie ?

And is it well in our pride of race  
To ruffle, and swagger, and swell,  
And wink the eye at a forged lie—  
Young Bard, and is it well ?

We *have* followed fast, we *have* followed far,  
On a blindly tyrannous way ;  
And the road *is* hard, *is* hard, Young Bard,  
And the price is yet to pay.

We must pay in full ere we reap reward  
Of our toil with tongue and pen.  
We have long stood shamed when our wrong was named  
In the presence of righteous men :

But we'll right it—despite your scorn, Young Bard ;  
And the best at the last shall be,  
When we reach the goal that the Red Earl seeks,  
And the Young Bard yet shall see.

### ACROSS THE AGES.

A FRAGMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

DEAD sage, dead priest ! Unheard ye call  
Up from the valleys where ye sleep.—  
Love's clarion soundeth over all ;  
His fires glow from steep to steep.

Professor, I have little store  
Of learning you may fitly seek ;  
I covet no Department's lore,  
Egyptian, Syriac, or Greek ;

But oft I tread these halls alone,  
To mark where, treasured with the rest,  
There lies a stone—no common stone—  
“A fragment—of a Woman's Breast.”

Profess, Professor, all you know !  
I ask, among these spoils you heap,  
Has Time a greater thing to show ?  
Have we a holier thing to keep ?

ERNEST RADFORD.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

“THE MOST POPULAR NOVELIST IN THE WORLD.”

SIR,—Your entertaining sketch of the late J. F. Smith is, as I happen to know, a faithful likeness.

Having handled Smith's MS., I can appreciate the observation that he “wrote like a madman,” and used villainous quills. He was indeed the scourge of all such as set up types and emend the impressions thereof. His handwriting was exquisitely small. He would carefully loop all his t's, cross all his l's, dot everything possible except his i's. Then, having fully indulged every darling vice of the slovenly penman, he would “mak siccar” by smearing the whole of each ink-wet page, apparently with his coat-sleeve. Naturally he was worshipped by the printers. Hence it was that, in an after-dinner speech at a wayze-goose, his press-corrector boldly laid claim to the joint-authorship of “Minnigrey,” on the ground that he (the corrector) and the compositors had been able to decipher barely one quarter of the words in that masterpiece, had “fudged for” another quarter, while the remaining half was entirely the fruit of the said corrector's own ingenious vamping.

Smith, like Thackeray, wrote with the devil ever at his elbow. The imp was one day startled by the sudden and unprecedented cessation of Mr. Smith's pen. It was as if the sun had stood still. Still more was the boy amazed when this readiest of writers began to nibble his stodgy quill, gaze abstractedly at the grimy ceiling, take dreamy pulls at the port-wine, and, in fact, give every symptom of mental bankruptcy. When at length his ideas began again to flow, he gave them oral expression ; but they were then totally unfit for publication. The devil by a laugh reminded the author of his presence. Turning upon him fiercely, Smith demanded, “Boy ! your name—quick !” “George Markham, sir.” Never a word responded Smith, but, frowning portentously, at once resumed his fierce scribbling. The devil trembled lest suspension should follow naming. His mind was set at rest, however, when, in devouring the next instalment of Mr. Smith's novel, he found that his own name—George Markham—had been given to a new character in the tale. Thus did this lofty genius fling fame and immortality to the devil. I had this from the devil himself ; and am, Sir, &c.,

J. F. MCR.

### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,  
Friday, March 14, 1890.

MUCH has been heard lately of the large fortunes to be made by successful playwrights. Such gossip would be impertinent, of course, if it dealt with the income of a prosperous middleman ; but when Mr. W. S. Gilbert or Mr. Pinero is concerned—mere honest workers and cultivators of their own abilities—it is no sign of bad taste. Nay, as the British public is rather proud of its curiosity on this point, believing it identical with a “taste for literature,” we may almost be grateful. It is not as if literature stood alone. “That Alma Tadema is a wonderfully lucky man ; his pictures sell for thousands. Fancy, Gus, being able to get so much for a little bit of canvas only *that* size ! But I like him though. His pictures are quite unlike anybody else's : you can always tell them at once.” This is about the high-water mark of art-criticism among the middle classes ; and now the middle classes are exercised because a popular playwright earns so much more than a popular novelist : and yet there are so many more novelists.

Well, it has been pointed out that it is infinitely harder to get your play mounted and acted than to get your novel published: and that a playwright needs a special training. But I have lately been reading the lives of two playwrights—Robertson and Ibsen: and the stories of these two—so widely distant in aim and genius—enforce the same reflection: For how much preliminary poverty, neglect, and bitterness of soul, is their ultimate success but a deferred pay! Robertson's plays have recently been edited by his son (London: Sampson Low), with a Memoir written in artless and excruciating English, yet somehow for this very reason the more convincing and pathetic. 'Robertson fought for recognition against reverses and apathy that would have killed a pig-jobber. Often he and his friend H. J. Byron, author of the most popular play of the century, had not a penny to put between them and heaven: once they tried to enlist together in the army, but were rejected; once they advertised a lecturing entertainment together, and had one man for audience. Here is the story:—

"The pianist having finished the overture, the curtain rang up. Byron entered, dressed in the evening dress which he had to share with Robertson, and began to explain 'The Origin of Man,' looking fixedly at the wretched individual in the front seats: 'In the beginning there was only one man'—here Byron paused. 'Yes,' said the front seat, 'and I'm that d—d fool,' and hurrying out, requested his money back."

Henrik Ibsen, like Keats, began as an apothecary's apprentice. He threw over the "plasters, pills, and ointment-boxes" to write plays which were not published, or when published were not sold. The Swedes bought thirty copies of his *Catalina*. "The remainder was sold for waste paper," says the author, "and so for a few days we lacked none of the necessities of life." Then, at the age of twenty-three, he was appointed to the magnificent post of "Theatre-poet" to the "Norwegian National Theatre," and drew the magnificent salary of something less than £70 a year. Eleven years after, the Norwegian Theatre closed its doors, and Ibsen was appointed "aesthetic adviser" to the Christiania Theatre, with £65 a year for pay. And so, at thirty-five, "his pecuniary position was so precarious as to be almost desperate. His plays brought him in next to nothing, for the Norwegian literary public was very small, and he was as yet almost unknown outside Norway."

To both these men recognition came in the same year, 1865; when Robertson was thirty-six and Ibsen thirty-seven. No two men could stand further apart; the name of playwright just covers the two, and that is all. But to both the public doled out heart-ache and hope deferred throughout their youth, and petted them only just at the moment when a true man, if he have done no great thing, grows desperate.

Yet between the work of the two men there is one point of resemblance which cannot be passed over. It is indicated in a remark of Mr. Edmund Gosse in his critical introduction to Mrs. Marx-Aveling's translation of *Fruen fra Havet* (*The Lady from the Sea*) London: T. Fisher Unwin.) Speaking of an artistic defect which he finds in the play, he says apologetically, "What seems inadequate to us when we read, Ibsen's plays is so often justified when we see them acted, that I should not mention this if it had not been noted by one of the poet's staunchest admirers." . . . In fact, Ibsen's plays do not read well, even in the scholarly and careful translation which Mr. William Archer is now publishing. Had I not seen the *Doll's House* at the Novelty Theatre last June, I confess that I should hold the First Act of that tormenting play a singularly flat performance. And it is not the fault of the translation, for the translation was vigorous

enough on the boards. The same holds of Robertson. To read his plays is to invite a pitying wonder at the facility of one's own emotions in the artificial light of the theatre. Written down on paper, *Caste* lacks pathos and *School* has little wit; yet when Esther Eccles refuses to let her baby be taken away, we have seen men and women weeping around us, and have (if we were fit for much) wanted to weep with them. And all she says is "You forget that I am a mother. Do you dare to offer to buy my child—his breathing image; his living memory—with money? (*Crosses to door, R., and throws it open.*) There is the door—go!" This is human nature, but not literature; and for us, who read him in translations, Ibsen is limited in the same way. But with Shakespeare, and Molière, and Goldsmith for that matter, it is a different story.

To return to the question of youth. There is a young man amongst us of whom people are already talking, and surely will talk much more. We had taken it for granted that the "short story" was outside the scope of English genius, when along comes a young Anglo-Indian (his age is but twenty-four, I am told) and proves us in error—proves it in the best way, too—by accomplishing what we thought impossible. In Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills," and "Soldiers Three," there is some doubtful taste—a something that is not quite tangible, but is not certainly good breeding—and yet the power, the poetry, and the artistic sense of them is wonderful. We do not care for many of the "society" stories; but when a native is concerned, or a British private soldier, Mr. Kipling's work becomes masterly. Anything finer in its way than "The Madness of Private Ortheris" has not been written for a long while.

Take, for instance, the poignant, truthful words in which Tommy Atkins beside an Indian river speaks his homesickness:—

"I'm sick to go 'Ome—go 'Ome—go 'Ome! No, I ain't mammalsick, because my uncle brung me up, but I'm sick for London again—sick for the sounds of 'er, an' the sights of 'er, and the stinks of 'er; orange-peel and hasphalt an' gas comin' in over Vaux'all Bridge. Sick for the rail goin' down to Box 'Ill, with your gal on your knee an' a new clay pipe in your face. That, an' the Stran' lights where you knows everyone, an' the Copper that takes you up is a old friend that tuk you up before, when you was a little smitchy boy lying loose 'tween the Temple an' the Dark Hatches. No bloomin' guard-mountin', no bloomin' rotten-stone, nor khaki, and yourself your own master with a gal to take an' see the Humaners practisin' a-hookin' dead corpses out of the Serpentine o' Sundays. An' I lef' all that for to serve the Widder beyond the seas where there ain't no women and there ain't no liquor worth 'avin', and there ain't nothin' to see, nor do, nor feel, nor think. Lord love you, Stanley Orth'ris, but you're a bigger bloomin' fool than the rest o' the regiment and Mulvaney wired together! There's the Widder sittin' at 'Ome with a gold crownd on 'er 'ead; and 'ere am Hi, Stanley Orth'ris, the Widder's property, a rottin' FOOL!"

Mr. Kipling's books do not lie on every bookstall. Indeed, I made a weary pilgrimage to find them; but having found, shall treasure them. His verse in "Departmental Ditties" is goodish only—not so good as the original stanzas which head many of his stories. Yet it is hard to beat the song (again of Private Ortheris) which appears in *Macmillan's Magazine* this month. This much at least is sure: Mr. Kipling is a genius. And therefore his future lies on the knees of the gods.

The reader whom early genius cannot glut, should, on laying down Mr. Kipling's tales with their astonishingly precocious estimates of life *ab extra*, take up the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, and read the astoundingly precocious estimates of life which this young woman raps out from her "inner consciousness." The book has been read by many in this country since Miss Mathilde Blind first sung its praises, and Mr. Gladstone pronounced it "a



book without a parallel." But Miss Mathilde Blind is about to publish a translation (Cassell & Co.) for the benefit of those who were too lazy to read it in French.

It is indeed a book without a parallel. Imagine a girl of barely thirteen who can write thus:—"I cannot imagine why a woman should treat a husband like a domestic pet, and why she should have desired to please the same man before marriage. Why should not a woman remain always coquettish to her husband, and treat him as she would a stranger who pleases her? With this difference—she must suffer no liberties from a stranger . . ." And again, "I am continually seeking to know what it is that I have always facing me, but is always hidden—truth, in a word. For everything I think, or feel, is but outside me. I don't know: it seems to me there is nothing. For instance, when I see the Duke of H—I don't know whether I hate or adore him. I want to re-enter my Soul, and cannot . . ." &c. &c.

She died young, of course—this child of a hot-house: but the Journal is an invaluable "document" to the man who would study with intelligence and kindness the painful tension from which too many young brains are suffering in these rapid days. The matter is too grotesque for laughter. It became grim enough the other day when one of our most promising young authoresses slew herself, from weariness of living.

Φ.

Mr. Marston returned from Cairo on Wednesday morning, bringing a considerable portion—nearly half, we believe, of the whole work—of Stanley's forthcoming book. The illustrations will number a hundred and fifty, and the chief of them will be drawn by M. Riou, of Paris—an artist who is thoroughly acquainted with Africa, and with native manners and customs. The book will extend to about a thousand pages, and will contain three important new maps illustrative of the great traveller's wanderings and discoveries. The frontispiece will be a portrait group of Stanley and his officers, from a photograph just taken at Cairo. The work may be expected by the end of May, and will be in two volumes.

A cultivated young Englishman who has just been to see Walt Whitman thus writes of the interview to a friend in this country: "He is very stately and noble-looking, and impressed me beyond expectation by his marked graciousness of manner. He talked fluently and with urbanity about the condition of American literature. He seemed to think that the heart and solid worth of America must not be sought in her literature, which was the expression of the surface respectability of the country, but rather in the now dumb, striving settlers in the small towns and outposts. He thought that the people of the large cities were now chiefly bent on becoming genteel, and that gentility was the watchword with the literary writers and caterers."

Of the first edition of Mr. Browning's "Pauline," published in 1833 at the expense of a kindly aunt, only two copies have for a long time been known to be in the hands of private collectors in this country. One belongs to Mr. Frederick Locker, to whom it came from the late Edward FitzGerald's library, and the other to Mr. Thomas Wise, the secretary of the Shelley Society. In Mr. Wise's copy Mr. Browning has written a few kind words. A third copy was recently discovered unexpectedly, and this has been purchased for £63 by Mr. Walter Slater, the secretary of the Browning Society.

Mr. Frederick Locker is not only the possessor of a splendid library at his Cromer residence, but he has perpetuated it in the most interesting book-catalogue ever seen. It contains an introductory poem by Mr. Andrew Lang and book-plates by Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Stacy Marks, Mr. Du Maurier, and George Cruikshank. "A distinguished American," he writes in the Introduction, "a scholar and a man of original mind, but one who does not specially collect rare books, once came to see my collection. I remember I made an apology to him for having so many, and I make the same apology now."

## REVIEWS.

### DR. LIDDON ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE WORTH OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. A Sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Second Sunday in Advent. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

THIS is a Sermon significant of many things. There rings through it a note of alarm and distress; the eloquent Canon has suddenly discovered that there are foes in his own household, and he promptly proceeds to administer correction and reproof with a view to conquest or conversion. The Principal of Pusey House had extenuated his very considerable concessions to modern criticism by saying that the Church "had never committed herself to any dogmatic definitions of the meaning of inspiration." Canon Liddon severely remarks that the too free handling of the word is "commonly prefaced by the observation that the Church has never defined what inspiration is." Mr. Gore had said: "We may suppose Deuteronomy to be a republication of the law 'in the Spirit and power' of Moses put dramatically into his mouth." Canon Liddon declares that if those "long addresses ascribed to Moses" are "dramatized, or, to speak plainly, fictitious," compositions of "some Jew, with a fine idealizing faculty, who lived many centuries" later than the putative author, then "such a representation is irreconcilable with the veracity of the book." Mr. Gore had affirmed that "the Church leaves open to literary criticism" to determine whether "Jonah and Daniel" are to be regarded "as dramatic compositions worked up on a basis of history." Canon Liddon maintains that the Church does nothing of the kind, for "our Lord Jesus Christ set the seal of His infallible sanction" on the story of Jonah and the prophecies of Daniel. The Canon of St. Paul's is thus explicit enough in his references to the Principal of Pusey House, and in his contradiction of him; and their disagreement, thus made public, shows that the High Church has before it much more serious questions than any involved in the Bishop of Lincoln's case, or any of the famous vestments or ornaments controversies. For the points now in dispute are fundamental in the very largest sense; they touch the very principles on which the High Church claim is based, and much else besides. It is easier to maintain the sufficiency of the catholic theory in words than to exhibit it in practice. Reason is reason everywhere, and its differences are as lusty and as invincible under an infallible authority as apart from it. With the respective rights, from a Church point of view, of the combatants we are not concerned; enough to say, the more reason restricts the authority of the Church that it may have around and beyond it a freer and wider field for its exercise, then the more certain it is to reduce authority from the dignity of an absolute to the status of a very constitutional king, who must satisfy his subjects that he may be allowed to reign.

What concerns us is not Mr. Gore's offence, if offence it be—it seems to us a conspicuous and saving virtue; but the Canon's sermon. It is an admirable illustration of the distinction between the orator and the scholar; its rhetoric is as brilliant as its arguments are irrelevant and inconclusive. It would be hard to find a more perilous line than the one here taken; were it universally or even largely followed, the result could not but be disastrous. He who in order to defend religion occupies a position which cannot be maintained, only prepares the way for a completer surrender. In Mr. Gore's position and method there is high strategical wisdom, but Canon Liddon exhibits the generalship of a commander who surrenders the citadel in order that he may defend a trench. He unfolds here two great arguments; first, "trustworthiness"—which he, with the curious inconsequence of the rhetorician, identifies with "veracity"—is necessary to the idea of inspiration; and, secondly, "the trustworthiness of the Old Testament is inseparable from the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ." And this latter is put in the most unqualified way. Yet what does it mean? That the central fact of the Christian faith is made dependent on a position which is of all others the most difficult of defence or maintenance. It is all very well to affirm roundly the "trustworthiness" or "veracity" of the Old Testament, and argue as if it were a thing to be deductively established. But it cannot be so established; it must be proved by an exhaustive inductive process, unless all sorts of philological and historical phenomena must be analysed, tested, and compared. If the affirmed "trustworthiness" or "veracity" in any case or sense

breaks down, say as regards the ages of the pre-Noachian Patriarchs, what will be the result? Why, "the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ" will break down with it. There will happen what happens in the countries where the Roman infallibility reigns, what happened, he himself being witness, in the case of M. Renan—the infallibility is found to be wrong in one point, the inevitable inference is, it must be wrong in all; and with faith in it, faith in the religion it was held to authenticate disappears. Canon Liddon so applies the infallible sanction of Christ to the Old Testament that were it to be in any single point invalidated, it would be invalidated in all. This is more than perilous, it is foolhardy, nay, foolish—an invitation to the rationalists to strike faith at its weakest point in order that it may be struck through and through at its strongest.

But the argument is as useless as it is dangerous. If the "trustworthiness" or "veracity" of the Old Testament be not capable of proof on its own ground or merits, it will never be proved by an appeal to the extraneous and dogmatic tribunal of an "infallible Sanction." It is a question in criticism, and for it; and those who most understand the issues will most zealously keep the authority of Christ to the province where He meant it to be authoritative, and not force it into a province where He never contemplated that it would be enforced. He never claimed to be an authority as to the composition of the Pentateuch, or the Book of Psalms, or the dates of any of the prophets; all the arguments meant to prove that He did or was are inferences from mistaken premisses. His attitude to the Old Testament was one with His attitude to nature. He used as regards both the language of His day, and He could use no other if He was to speak so as to be understood. If He had set up as a scientific critical authority as regards either, He would but have bewildered men, and have changed His mission from the creation of a religion into the creation of a science. If He had spoken as an infallible authority on the sources and authenticity of the Old Testament, He would have transcended those human limitations which He so clearly recognised, and which made His humanity so real. Indeed, Canon Liddon's argument involves the worst kind of doctism; were it successful it would involve the negation of our Lord's manhood, or its translation into a mere *δωκτισμός*. And all this for the sake of a mere rhetorical *tour de force*, a short and easy way to settle a question that can be decided only by a long and toilsome process. The way has been tried before, but never with success. Men have argued that since Christ spoke of the rising of the sun the sun rose, moved from east to west, and set; and that, therefore, Galileo was altogether wrong. The cases are parallel; it is no more reasonable to use the authority of Jesus in the one case than in the other. He uses the phenomena of nature and the Old Testament to illustrate and enforce His doctrine; but He never meant His doctrine to be used to enforce a given theory as to either the composition of the Old Testament, or the order and course of nature.

It is hard to discover what ideas the Canon denotes by the terms "trustworthiness" and "veracity." The terms are by no means synonymous, or interchangeable. The first denotes the quality of a person, or a testimony by virtue of which he or it can be trusted; the second denotes either the correspondence of a record with fact, or of a word with the thought it expresses, or of a work with the mind that creates it and the ideal it embodies. Both terms may apply to works of history, but only one to works of reason or imagination. Thucydides may be both trustworthy and veracious, but the dialogues of Plato are rather veracious than trustworthy, while the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are, if taken as history, not trustworthy, but are veracious taken as poetry. Now, in what sense can Canon Liddon apply those terms to the Old Testament? Does he claim that they can be used with equal force of its every item or part, in every respect and every whit as applicable to the history of Cain and his descendants, or the story of the Tower of Babel, as to the testimony of Isaiah touching Hezekiah, or of Jeremiah concerning the Jerusalem of his day? If the trustworthiness be not uniform, the argument loses all validity; if it be uniform, it implies that the most ancient histories represent as real contemporary testimonies as those of Isaiah and Jeremiah. The argumentation has but to be applied and its hollowness at once appears. The earliest histories may be veracious without being, in the strict sense of the historical student, trustworthy. The attempt to maintain their trustworthiness in this sense would only result in proving them unveracious. So much an argument like Canon Liddon's might achieve, but more were impossible to it—in other words, pushed to its logical extreme it would be fatal to the very thesis he has set out to explain.

Nor would the Canon's argument leave him even here; he would, were he consistent, have to proceed much further. He would have to affirm the inspiration of the Great Synagogue, or the Rabbinical schools, or whatever we may name the authorities who framed "the Hebrew canon." If we defend this canon as a thing too sacred to be touched by the profane hand of criticism, we but argue for the sufficiency of the body by whom it was constituted and sanctioned. The Rabbinical schools would take the place for the Old Testament that the theologians of the Canon's own school have given to the Church for the new. As they contend that the Greek canon is the creation of the Church, and is authenticated by the authority that created it, so he, if he is logical, would extend the principle to the Hebrew canon and would invest the Rabbis with the requisite authenticating and sanctioning authority. In other words, his theory would require that the Jewish lawyers and scribes be invested with the attributes and authority of the Catholic and Apostolic Church. And why? Simply in order that the very function of the Scriptures should be lost, and their life buried under the weight of a merciless superincumbered scholasticism.

There are certain apologies that are worse than any criticism of adversaries. What drives reason and the conscience that only historical truth can satisfy into the enemy's camp, at once serves the enemy and loses the most efficient of allies. And this is the only sort of service that can be rendered by a sermon like this. It is necessary to speak plainly. Canon Liddon occupies a commanding position. His eloquence enables him to sway thousands. His elevation of spirit and of view on all moral questions makes him often worthy even of the great position he occupies. But a moment has come when wisdom and courage of a higher order than he has yet needed are required of him. Criticism within the Church may accomplish great things for the revival, purification, and enforcement of faith; but expelled from the Church by such appeals as we have here to the most tremendous yet the least suitable of all tribunals, criticism can only carry with it the greatest part of the faith that reigns over reason by its own very reasonableness.

#### VENETIAN DIPLOMACY AND EUROPEAN HISTORY.

VENETIANISCHE DEPESCHEN VOM KAISERHOF. Vol. i. Vienna: Tempsky. 1889.

HALF a century after the first opening of their archives, the indefatigable Venetians are still the best providers of material for students of modern history. Their special merit and superiority does not lie in their despatches, but in the reports which they used to make on their return from missions abroad. There was nothing exactly like this or equal to it in the official literature of the greater Powers. With all their conventional statistics and generally superficial acquaintance with foreign society, the Venetians had great knowledge of men, and their observation of shining central figures, Philip and Sixtus, Henry and Richelieu, may be trusted. If the facts and quantities are unsound, the confidential opinion of a shrewd and independent witness on problems of character is always worth having; and the long series of *Relazioni*, still partly unpublished, acquired vogue and authority very early in the progress of historical revelation. When we pass from this, the singular and almost exclusive growth and property of Venetian diplomacy, to its ordinary correspondence, we descend a step. It is extremely abundant, and there are not many years between the Borgias and the Revolution in which it is not an essential aid, or in which it may not be made as serviceable as it has been to the new biographer of Bolingbroke. In Italian politics it is excellent; and it is better in France and Spain than in Germany and England, for the Venetians were never familiar with Protestant life and motive, or with the oceanic world. But their despatches, as a whole, do not reach the level of the 240 or 250 volumes recording the action of French diplomacy, which, from Commynes to Talleyrand, compose the true backbone of international history. The envoy of the Serene Republic was a sage observer and commentator, rather than an active force. It was not always necessary to initiate him, or to win him by the reality of confidence. If he had a front seat, he was rarely behind the scenes; and excepting the Council of Trent and the reign of Henry the Fourth, he was not often in the thick of the questions of the day. Less rich in sources of information than the Spaniard or the Nuncio, he was more impartial than his colleagues. He was not closely identified with any cause or purpose,



and did not operate over-much with the obscure categories of right and wrong. Many who did not very much trust him, at least did not fear him, and he was the great reporter of conversations in which the speaker was not pressing an argument, but striking a keynote. Chesterfield overshoots the mark when he says that the Venetian was always better informed than any other member of the diplomatic body.

The separateness and stability of Venetian wisdom keeps it not only out of the current of changing opinion, but out of the advance of knowledge. The men have little that is individual or original; and in that illustrious service few distinct reputations survive. England, according to Mackintosh, occupies nearly the opposite end of the scale of merit in diplomacy, yet there are twice as many English as Venetian negotiators who have left a remembered name. The maxims of the Venetian State are permanent, unquestioned, and anonymous. Rome herself has not been so constant. In the Roman policy there is an established body of axiomatic teaching, that never yields or varies. But the Pope, if he had the energy and the needful instruments, could reverse the system of his predecessor. Sudden changes such as occurred in 1846, and again in 1878, were more common when the pontificates were shorter. The duration of a reign is fifteen years in this century, but it was scarcely six in the sixteenth. After the election of Foscari, the succession of Doges rarely afforded such opportunities of change. In the following century fixity was secured; and when their institutions had grown rigid under the invisible wand of the Inquisitors of State, the ambassadors stood aside, and contemplated, with more curiosity than real interest, the play of new forces, and the things for which men strove and contended in the modern State.

Austria, in surrendering Venice, stipulated to retain papers relating to the Empire, and the Vienna Academy has undertaken to publish the entire series, down to the Revolution. The plan of this considerable work may be gathered from the first volume which has just appeared. It contains despatches from the Court of Charles the Fifth, for the years 1538 to 1540, and again for part of 1546; in all, two years and a half. Superfluities are left out; and much aid is given in the shape of Index, Contents, and Notes. It is not stated how much we are to expect, and no reason is given for beginning so late as the Interview of Nice in 1538. At Venice, if not at Vienna, earlier despatches are extant, especially those of Contarini and Navagero, which are as valuable as those of Mocenigo in this volume, and have already been brought into the stream of historical literature. It is probable that they have been omitted in order not to cover the same ground as the edition of Marin Saunto's Diary which supplies the text or *précis* of the more important letters. The Austrian publication is more carefully prepared, and we miss the earlier papers, or at least some fuller disclosure, at starting, of the plan to be followed, and of the reasons for its incompleteness. The despatches in the present volume, though known to De Leva, the most widely read of the Italians, are virtually new, and give original information touching the Emperor and his ministers and the Pope Farnese. Those who think that there is no tracing a saying to its birth, and that the first repetition is all we can expect to discover, will observe with interest that the ancient joke about the way in which the Holy Ghost visited Trent is as old as March, 1546, or three months after the Council opened. Of greater import is the speech of the Cardinal of Trent, who said that he would not judge the intention with which the Council was convoked, but that his ground for hoping that it would succeed consisted in the goodwill of Charles the Fifth.

The editors excuse the sparseness of their illustrations on the plea that a communicative annotator is sure to do all he can to enforce his own views. A proper man, who knows his business, knows the difference between certainty and opinion, and in doubtful questions, when he cannot hope to convey to others the certitude he may feel himself, it is a rather obvious duty to state each case not only with fairness, but with equal force. When the editor is a man like Mignet or Douiol, his opinion is often as desirable as his text.

#### LYRIC POETS OF AUSTRIA.

LES POÈTES LYRIQUES D'AUTRICHE. Nouvelles Études biographiques et littéraires. Par Alfred Marchand. Paris: G. Charpentier et Cie. 1886.

M. ALFRED MARCHAND'S two volumes of studies on the Austrian lyric poets—of which this is the second—have a distinct claim on the attention of students of poetry. They tell us something of a group of writers very little known out of their own country, but, especially in the case of Lenau and of Hamerling, decidedly

worth knowing. The first volume deals with Lenau, Betty, Paoli, and Feuchtersleben; the second, with Hartmann, Hamerling, Joséphine de Knorr, and Lorm (the pen-name of Jérôme Landesmann). M. Marchand writes agreeably. It cannot be said that he has any particular originality, any actual distinction, but in his fluent, clear, instructive, sometimes too figurative way, he contrives to give us a very fair general idea of the poets about whom he is writing. It would be easy to close his book at any moment; it is perfectly easy to read it from beginning to end.

Of the poets represented in these *nouvelles études*, only Hamerling is a figure of really European importance. The poetry of Maurice Hartmann, charming as it is, might be absorbed in that of Lenau; it is not so interesting as his life, which has lyric episodes, spiritedly told by himself, and retold by M. Marchand, who has wisely given the greater part of his space to the poems that Hartmann *lived*. Joséphine de Knorr, a romantic figure, poses delicately in these flattering pages, but without convincing us of more than her feminine charm, and her wide and curious culture. In the work and the personality of Lorm there is more of interest. Here was a poet whose existence was a struggle against gradually encroaching blindness and deafness—a poet whose life, as he himself said, was that of a man who has not lived. Much of his work—poetical and philosophical—deals with visible nature, and is the nostalgia of a blind man who remembers the sunlight. In this case, certainly, a poet's pessimism has some right of existence, and Lorm insists implacably on the dark side of things, with a sorrowful certainty that happiness on this side of the grave is impossible. The life of Hamerling is told in four pages: it is the life of a student who has lived only in his books. But this student is a poet who has something almost of greatness. Hamerling's work is grimly powerful, resolutely original. His masterpiece, *Ahasuer in Rom*, is an epic with the pungency of a drama: it is the epic of the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life—vice wearying itself into satiety in the pursuit of the impossible. The scene is in the time of Nero: Nero, more truly than the vague Ahasuerus, the wandering Jew, is the protagonist of the poem. M. Marchand gives an admirable analysis, almost a translation, of this strange, repellent, fascinating work—the one really fine and satisfying achievement of a poet who has all but achieved so many successes.

#### THE TEXT OF THUCYDIDES.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THUCYDIDES: A REVISION OF THE TEXT. By W. GUNION RUTHERFORD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster of Westminster School. London: Macmillan & Co.

PERHAPS no ancient prose-writer presents problems of such difficulty to the interpreter and critic as Thucydides. Mr. Rutherford says that he wrote at a time "when literary perversity had not yet mixed prose and poetry together." But the earliest Greek prose had a good deal in common with poetry. When Gorgias called vultures *ἐμψυχοὶ τάφοι*—living tombs—he used a phrase worthy of the dithyramb, which was the most poetical, in the superficial sense of the word, of all forms of Greek poetry. In the Attic orators of the Fourth Century we find a completely developed prose-style, a style which is clear and precise because every word and construction has a definite meaning; and, even in the Fifth, some of Thucydides' contemporaries had attained to this mechanical lucidity of expression. But Thucydides himself does not handle language in this way. In him, as in Sophocles, there is a large measure of idiosyncrasy. He takes more liberties with language. A word or a phrase is lifted out of its common groove by the movement of the thought.

It is in the case of Lysias, Isocrates, or Demosthenes, that the method of Mr. Rutherford's master, Cobet, has its most obvious justification. Cobet, like Aristarchus, believed in the principle of *ἀναλογία*—he demanded regularity of idiom, logical and homogeneous expression. And these writers are regular and precise in their use of language. But the most sceptical critic must allow to Thucydides a great deal that, though it has a logic of its own, is very unlike the transparently logical style of Lysias. All the more interest attaches to a deliberate and resolute attempt on the part of a disciple of Cobet to deal with the text of Thucydides, on which Cobet himself has made only occasional suggestions. And

Mr. Rutherford is not a mere disciple of Cobet: when he follows Cobet, it is because he has thought out the problem for himself and come to the same conclusion. The vigour and independence of the "New Phrynichus" and "Babrius" appear also in the book now before us. And it is characterised by the same thoroughness of scholarship. Instances of Mr. Rutherford's acuteness and precision in dealing with Greek idiom will be found on the following pages of the Introduction:—xix. (διακινδυνεύειν), xx. (ἐφειδρύνειν), xxii. (ποιεῖσθαι πρόφασιν, ἢ πρόφασιν γίγνεται; but it is not quite clear how this idiom helps us to understand ποιησάμενοι πίστει καὶ βεβαιότητι); xxxv. (ἀνασκευάζειν). Some of these are original, some only enforced afresh.

The main thesis of Mr. Rutherford's book is that the alleged obscurity of Thucydides is simply due to the fact that many comments, glosses, and marginal or interlinear notes—for all of which he suggests the name "adscripits"—have found their way into the text, and that it is still possible to remove these accretions. What are his arguments for this principle, and with what success does he apply it in particular cases?

"It is hard to credit," says Mr. Rutherford, "that his lapses should be merely occasional" (Intr. p. xiv.). "Men do not write for page after page the most regular and transparent of styles, and then in a single sentence prefer idioms so obscure and abnormal that devices of every sort must be invented to get at their thought" (p. lvi.). Here we are on the difficult ground already alluded to, when a keen literary sense and knowledge of an author's idiosyncrasy comes into play. About many things scholars are agreed: they are mistakes, interpolations—not what Thucydides wrote. But about many more we ask, "Who is to tell us authoritatively 'quid possit oriri, quid nequeat?' " Suppose that a German student of English—let him be as able and ingenious as Mr. Rutherford—were to say to us, "Carlyle *could* not have written" this or that. Should we be ready to listen to him?

But, if our text of Thucydides comes partly from him and partly from commentators, it would be enough to be able to recognise one of the two elements. And here Mr. Rutherford's position is stronger. "I would ask anybody who is inclined to quarrel with the general principle of excision as illustrated in this book to withhold his opinion until he has gone through the weary προπαρασκευῇ of attempting to solve the many problems raised by a great corpus of 'scholia' such as those on Aristophanes. By so doing he will learn, on the one hand, not to draw from the fact that a hundred editors have printed a thing as sense the necessary conclusion that it is sense; and, on the other, to become so familiar with the look and habits of the ancient annotators, as to be able to recognise them even in the guise of their betters" (Preface, p. vii.). Even without such training, it is easy to see the force of considerations such as these:—(a) "a gloss or scholion might very easily be mistaken for a correction, and so find its way into the text" (p. xxxii.). (b) We can see the thing happening sometimes: "one manuscript or group of manuscripts may show the gloss when the rest have kept the true word," &c. (p. xxxiv.). (c) "Adscripits" betray themselves by mannerism" (ὅτι περ, ὡς περ, ὅπερ, &c.), or they "are unmasked by the presence in them of some late idiom" (p. xxxviii.).

By all this the general principle is securely established. As to its application, Mr. Rutherford is undoubtedly right in a large number of cases. (Take, for a simple instance, the excision of δι' ἀχθρόνα in c. 4—Intr. p. xxxix.). In others, again, there is much to be said on the other side. In some instances the words condemned are so simple that either Thucydides or a commentator may have written them for all we know (ὡς περ παρσκευάζοντο, c. 2). In others, words are excised which show too much imagination or too much command of ancient idiom to be readily assignable to a late interpolator—c. 10, 5, ῥοβίου; c. 11, 4, συντρίψωσιν; c. 14, 2, ἀπελαμβάνοντο. Can we say of these—to parody Cobet's language—"hæc a stolido magistello profecta esse vel luscus videat"? The first passage becomes almost trivial without the words excised (καὶ μὴ φόβῳ [ῥοβίου καὶ νεῶν δεινότητος] κατάπλου ὑποχωροῖ—a mere κατάπλου is part of any naval engagement). In the second we cannot be sure that the gloss on τῶν ξύλων has not expelled τὰς ναῦς. In the third the error may not extend beyond ὅτι περ ("adscribed" to explain a ὡς or possibly ὅτι, if ὅτι is not too exclusively colloquial). In c. 4 the excision of ἡσυχάζουσιν κ.τ.λ. leaves this statement: "when neither generals nor soldiers would listen to him—for he appealed to the latter through the officers of divisions—the soldiers changed their minds" (so Mr. Rutherford would translate περιστάσιν), "and were seized with a desire to fortify the place." This is grotesquely brief. In c. 3, 3 (ἢ βούληται καταλαμβάνων τὴν πόλιν δαπανᾶν) no attempt is made to explain how τὴν πόλιν came there; it is relegated to the margin as a gloss, but a gloss on what? (τὴν

πόλιν δαπανᾶν is perhaps a bold extension of the construction χρήματα δαπανᾶν—to spend the *whole* resources of the country, to ruin Athens by wild enterprises.) Again, it is hardly consistent to point out, as a feature of Thucydides' style, that "words and whole expressions are repeated rather than that any doubt should be left as to the meaning" (Intr. p. xvi.), and afterwards (p. xl.) to condemn τὸ τε ἐν Μεσσήνῃ καὶ ἐν τῷ Ῥηγίῳ in c. 25, 2, on no other ground than that τὸ is missing before ἐν τῷ Ῥηγίῳ. Surely it is, at least, an open question *which* course is to be adopted—to cut out the words, or to supply the missing τὸ.

But enough of "adscripits." In ordinary emendation, Mr. Rutherford is frequently happy and plausible (e.g., τὰ ἄλλα σκεῦη in c. 52, 3). In other cases it is more difficult to follow him—to admit more than a possibility. C. 10, 1, ἐναράμενοι μοι *might* readily be transformed into ἐναράμενοι by a careless copyist. But who can say that this *did* take place? (Compare c. 62, 1, where Mr. Rutherford writes ἀγαθὸν ὄν for the ἀγαθόν of the MSS.) Of the general condition of the text, he gives a clear and interesting account in the third chapter of his Introduction. Readers of Cobet will not be surprised to learn that it is a matter of indifference whether the manuscripts give βιάσασθαι or βιάρεσθαι, ἐθέλησαντα or ἐθέλησοντα, στρατοπεδεύμενοι or στρατοπεδευμένοι, &c. &c. In all such cases *res et ratio* must decide.

It is not possible to accept all the suggestions made by Mr. Rutherford. Some of them are certain; others doubtful; and in the case of others, again, the data for a final verdict are unattainable—we do not know enough about historical facts or language, or the way in which Thucydides published his work. (For example, if it was brought out in separate parts, some of the explanatory phrases which Mr. Rutherford condemns may have been written by Thucydides to make the section in which they occurred intelligible or complete.) Cobet himself was refuted by later knowledge. He ingeniously read ἄγ(οι) μάρτυροι for ἀνάργυροι in a Byzantine writer. But it was afterwards discovered that two physicians who took no fees were called the ἀνάργυροι. Such instances show that the knowledge of the best modern scholar is really very limited. But if Mr. Rutherford has gone too far in one direction, English scholars generally err in the other. His book will have the salutary effect of making them more careful not to waste ingenuity in explaining what is simply corrupt.

#### A NEW HISTORY OF RUSSIA.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS: RUSSIA. By W. R. Morfill, M.A. (Reader in the Roman and Slavonic Languages in the University of Oxford). London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

THAT there should not exist in English a good history of Russia need surprise no one who recollects that our language possesses no satisfactory history of any of the great European nations—none, that is to say, which is at once accurate, vivacious, and of size proportioned to the needs of the intelligent reader who is not also a special student. When this is true as regards countries like France and Germany, whose annals are so much interwoven with our own, much more may we expect it of a comparatively remote region like Russia, whose affairs did not begin to affect Western Europe till the middle of last century. The hope that we should at last find a book telling English people what they want to know about the largest and most swiftly advancing of European races, led us to Mr. Morfill's work. He has some eminent qualifications for the task he has undertaken—a thorough knowledge of Slavonic languages and literatures, a sufficient training in critical methods, and (as may be gathered from his book) an interest in current European politics which is active and yet not biassed by party partisanship. With these advantages, he has produced a book which does credit to his industry and care, for it evidently represents a minute and intelligent study of the most recent native writers, as well as considerable acquaintance with the old chroniclers. The salient facts of Russian history are duly set forth, from the half mythic Rurik down to the death of the Tsar Alexander II. It is a book to which the reader who wants nothing more than the salient facts may refer with confidence. But we cannot help thinking that it might, with more attention given to the purely literary part, have been made far more interesting and even more instructive. There is some want of skill in grouping the facts, as well as a deficiency of generalising power, and of a sense



for the dramatic presentation of characters and scenes. Russian history is deficient in what may be called political instruction, for there has been no constitutional government, even of an oligarchical nature, and very little in the way of institutions or administrative organisations from which any general conclusions can be drawn. But there are striking personages, and not less striking situations, and to these Mr. Morfill has done less than justice. Peter the Great is interesting in his pages, as so extraordinary a being must be interesting everywhere. But neither Ivan the Fourth, nor Boris Godunoff, nor Catherine the Second—to take three remarkable figures from different centuries—stands out in such sharp lines and vivid colours as might well have been expected. Of minor errors we have not space to speak, nor are they very numerous. We have noted several, such as the phrase “an autonomous Hungary seemed on the point of being formed in 1849”—a way of describing the war between Hungary and the Hapsburgs which seems to argue some ignorance on the true constitutional position of Hungary (p. 290), and the expression “Shamil entered upon his office of Imam, the sacred ruler of the country” (p. 305), which conveys the idea that there was a regular Imamate in Daghestan, much as there was a regular Vladikate in Tsernagora. But on the whole Mr. Morfill is a careful writer. Apart from political instruction on the one hand, and the purely personal element on the other, the interest of Russian history is that of an altogether unique chapter in the history of civilisation, and a very curious though not unique chapter in ethnology. A race of remarkable natural gifts finds itself cut off from the sea and from intercourse with the enlightened and progressive parts of the world. Ecclesiastically it is attached to Constantinople, and put into a position of antagonism alike to Catholic and Protestant nations. By language it is connected only with races no more advanced than itself, the Serbs and Bulgarians. For lessons in secular culture it has been forced to go to Germany and France, importing not only men of letters and science, but even administrators and strategists. Down till the end of last century the masses of the people remained in a condition of semi-barbarism; and even now education progresses slowly, and the Church, which was in Western and central mediæval Europe the chief organ of intellectual progress, is rather an obscurantist than an illuminative influence. The Government remains a pure autocracy, tempered neither by assassination nor by epigrams, but only, and that in a faint and irregular way, by the general sentiment of the nation and the army. Yet upon this half-civilised and despotically governed people there has been poured a full tide of modern Western ideas, sometimes admitted so freely that they pervade all the reading class, sometimes, on the other hand, so persecuted that they acquire a dangerous intensity in the minds to which they are most welcome. The extremes of polite culture in the upper class and rude ignorance in the lower class meet one another, so do the extremes of anarchism, rejecting all religion, and tyranny leagued with the most bigoted orthodoxy. To observe what results will follow from so extraordinary a juxtaposition of contending influences, will be among the most interesting tasks of the philosopher during the next hundred years, as to show by what steps they have come into contact is the main duty of the historian who traces the progress of Russia since the days of Peter the Great. The phenomena of Russian ethnological history are less exceptional, yet hardly less deserving of careful study. The Slavonic population originally occupied a comparatively small area in the midst of Finnic tribes to the north and east, Lithuanians to the north-west, Turkic tribes to the south and south-east. It has now partly spread itself out into unoccupied lands, partly Slavonised these adjoining races, all of which, except the Finns of Finland proper, and to some extent the Lithuanians and Crimean Tatars, were in a lower plane of civilisation than even that of the Russian peasant. The national characteristics, both physical and mental, of both Finns and Tatars, are very unlike those of the Slav. It is therefore matter of great interest to determine how far the prevalence of the Russian language and the adoption of Russian customs will end by making these Finnic and Turkic populations virtually Russians for all purposes; and the process has gone on with such various rates of speed in different parts of the vast eastern territory of European Russia, that the data for study and inference are unusually large. Mr. Morfill is not insensible of these problems, but he has given them less prominence than their importance requires, a defect which he may endeavour to remove in another edition. He ought also to add at least two more maps, illustrating the territorial growth of Russia; and might profitably expand the interesting, though rather scrappy and abrupt, chapter which deals with Russian literature.

### AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS.

A NATURALIST AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS. By C. M. Woodford, F.L.S. London: Philip & Son. 1890.

THOSE who have read and remember Dr. Guppy's excellent work on the “Solomon Islands and their Natives,” may perhaps at first sight be inclined to pass by a second book on the same subject. If so, however, they will make a great mistake, for the little volume before us, written by a naturalist who on three separate occasions lived for many months among the head-hunters of these islands, is full of interesting matter. It is, in fact, one of those valuable contributions to our knowledge which, without starting any specially new theories, gives a true and simple account of a lovely region, and of the lives and habits of some of the most savage people still surviving on the earth.

The Solomon Islands, though discovered by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, seem to have remained unvisited by any white people for more than two hundred years; and it is only recently that the labour-trade, carrying off natives to work in the plantations of Fiji and Queensland, has opened up fresh communications with them. This perhaps accounts for the fact that cannibalism, and murder in its worst forms, are still rife among the Solomon Islanders. A few traders from Sydney have now settled in the various islands, but at great risks to themselves, as was shown only last year by the murder of Mr. Lars Neilson and three of his boys in the island of Gavotu, where he had lived for ten years amicably with the natives.

It is, however, impossible to reckon with any certainty on a continuance of friendship with races who still possess the instinct of treacherous murder *for its own sake*, as a sportsman pursues game, apart even from the motives of revenge or plunder. Not only are the people of the coast always at war with those of the interior, but regular canoe voyages are made along the shore, ostensibly in search of turtle, but really to distant villages, where the chief object is to take the inhabitants unawares, murder all, or as many as possible, and return laden with their heads. These murderous expeditions seem to be a perfect passion with the savages. Every coast village has its canoe-house with its head-hunting canoes—the sides of the shed being decorated with a ghastly row of human heads in various stages of decay. “The flesh, partially dried in the smoke, is shrinking away from the grinning teeth and sunken eye-sockets. Each head has its history.” There appears to be, indeed, a kind of religious cult in heads; for when one is needed to complete a new canoe, or canoe-house, and there has been no recent head-hunting expedition, the head of a slave is immediately struck off to provide it. Cruelty and a delight in inflicting torture are deeply ingrained in the nature of these men; and some of the anecdotes—such as that of the dedication of a canoe-house by the prolonged slaughter of a child (p. 155)—are almost too horrible to read.

Yet the Solomon Islanders have many good qualities. They are scrupulously observant of the *taboo*, by which even a stranger's belongings may be protected, so that a mere piece of string stretched across the corner of a hut will ensure that the most coveted treasures will not even be handled. The relation between the sexes is also governed by the most strict propriety, a man not being allowed to marry a woman of his own caste, while promiscuous intercourse is apparently altogether unknown.

Mr. Woodford lived alone among the natives in different parts of the island for four months in 1886, eight months in 1887, and six months in 1888, so that he had ample opportunity of studying their character. He can suggest no cure for the deeply rooted murder instinct but the extinction of the native races, which he believes will soon be accomplished, now that steel tomahawks and Snider rifles make the treacherous attacks more deadly than before; unless, indeed, England would extend by annexation her protection over the traders, enabling them to colonise in larger numbers, and withstand this horrible practice of head-hunting.

At present almost the only civilising influence seems to be the labour-trade, which, although accompanied by serious evils, is now carried on under better supervision than formerly. The natives who return after several years' sojourn in Fiji or Queensland, do carry back some new ideas towards leavening the purely savage population. On Ysabel Island, which is no longer visited by labour-ships on account of its nominal annexation to Germany, several boys begged to be taken away to work, and were grievously disappointed on being told that they would not again have the chance of visiting other countries.

In his main object, that of making collections of the island fauna, Mr. Woodford seems to have been on the whole successful. One of his most delightful chapters deals with a day's work and its incidents. His description of the early morning walk on the beach among the cocoanut palms, with hermit crabs scuttling under his feet, the turtle floating out at sea, the print, not ten yards from his door, of a large crocodile which had spent the night on the sand, gives a vivid picture of Pacific island life. Then follows the morning in the dense forest, with the native boy Barbarossa as a guide, and we revel in the abundance of insect, reptile, and bird-life till, all at once, an opening reveals an isolated village with two ghastly skulls stuck on poles at the entrance, as though to point the moral that "only man is vile." On again through lovely vegetation, and the afternoon sees the return to hut, when the natives throng to exchange their spoils of the day—snakes, insects and birds—for a few sticks of tobacco, and a short chat over local events brings the day to a close, except the evening's work of bird-skinning by lamp-light. He does not enter largely in this volume into the scientific results of his work, which have been published elsewhere, but mentions several interesting facts confirming Dr. Guppy's conclusion that there has probably never been any land connection between the Solomon Islands and New Britain and New Ireland, which form part of the same volcanic belt. Thus the only marsupial found anywhere on the group is a sub-species of the Papuan Grey Cuscus (*Phalanga orientalis brevicauda*), which may easily have been brought in canoes from New Ireland, where it is also found; and Casuarines, which abound in New Britain and Duke of York, do not reach these islands. With regard to the extension of the strictly Malayan fauna, Mr. Wallace has pointed out that the occurrence of cockatoos in the Solomons similar to those in New Guinea brings these islands into the Malayan region; and now Mr. Woodford, finding that these birds do not extend as far as Christoval, the most easterly island of the group, and that the magnificent bird-winged butterflies (*Ornithoptera*), which are plentiful in Ysabel and Guadalcanal, are also absent in this island, shows that with the Solomons we reach the extreme limits of the Malayan fauna. Another interesting zoological discovery is that, in Guadalcanal, of a fruit bat (*Pteralopex atrala*) with cuspidate teeth. Such teeth occur now among bats only in the Microchiroptera or insect-feeding bats, and Mr. Oldfield Thomas suggests that the *Pteralopex* is an isolated survivor of the more generalised type of bat still retaining the acute tuberculated teeth inherited from the Insectivora.

The views of scenery and portraits of natives given from photographs taken by Mr. Woodford add greatly to the value of this charming little book, for which the author scarcely needed to crave indulgence as a first attempt in literary work.

#### FEMININE FICTION.

JONATHAN MERLE: A West Country Story of the Times. By Elizabeth Boyd Bayly. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1890.

APPLES OF SODOM: A Novel. By M. Bramston. London: Walter Smith & Innes. 2 Vols. 1889.

A PRETTY RADICAL, and Other Stories. By Mabel E. Wotton. London: David Stott. 1890.

LORD ALLANROE; or, Marriage Not a Failure. By B. E. T. A. London: Digby & Long.

THE four novels in our list are written by women, or, as the polite critics say, by "ladies." But the best ladies have usually been women. Moreover, though it be absurd to say bluntly that art has no sex—for, upon examination, we find sex to bear as much influence and validity in art as in life—this much at least is true, that critics should have no chivalry. They should make every allowance, give all possible attention, to the femininity in the book before them, and should then treat the authoress with the same brutal candour as they would if she smoked cigars and belonged to their club.

"Robert Elsmere" has much to answer for; among other things, for the inordinate length of "Jonathan Merle," and for the probable indifference with which this book will be received. Nevertheless we do not hesitate to say that "Jonathan Merle" is a good work. It is as serious as "Robert Elsmere;" and we welcome seriousness, even when undiluted. Seriousness is as right a quality in dealing with certain aspects of life, as (to take an instance) a low "tone" in certain landscapes; and it would be a blessed thing if the writers of "religious

novels" had the art to imbue their stories and characters with a due amount of this quality, and so let them speak for themselves. Unhappily this is not so; knowing not, or heeding not, that every word which is not germane to their story is but "matter in the wrong place," and no better than mud, these authoresses preach and preach, explain and preach again, until the reader's soul sickens at the shapeless unproportioned work. For this reason "Robert Elsmere," though it run through a thousand editions, was no novel; and for this reason "Jonathan Merle" is no novel.

Yet it is full of thought, full of fine endeavour, and full of nice observation. It has many hints of rare pathos in the treatment not only of the hero, but of his mother, his children, and "Lady Mademoiselle." It has nothing of the dire inadequacy of the arguments which converted, or perverted, Robert Elsmere from Christianity. [We are aware of Mrs. Humphry Ward's answer to this; she will urge that only a few samples of these arguments are given in her book. But that the limits of a novel would not allow more, and that those given are inadequate, are simply proofs that Elsmere's story is unfit for treatment in a novel, or that Mrs. Ward had not the art to discover the right treatment.] Moreover, "Jonathan Merle" accomplishes its aim. Its facts are drawn evidently from close observation, and they are convincing. The book's value to any one who would know more of that terrible and steady suction which draws our rural labourers, skilled and unskilled, to the large towns is incontestable. And its main thesis "that all appointed to much teaching must suffer much" is enforced on every page. It remains to be said that the book is written in English which is almost always sound, and sometimes even rarely musical. And yet it is not, by whole miles, a work of art.

The authoress of the second novel on our list will be an extremely lucky woman if she find there is naught in a name. That which we call a rose, by any other name may possibly smell as sweet; but the two volumes which M. Bramston calls "Apples of Sodom" run a perilous chance of being damned unread by a public which has accepted Mr. Swinburne's word on the naming of novels.

Yet the public would be wrong, though the story is thin enough. It comes to this:—

ACT I.—*A* (a weak-willed school-boy) proposes to *B* (a querulous girl) at a school speech-day. Their parents and guardians, instead of smacking them both and sending them to bed, put the matter off for four years. Meanwhile *A* goes to college, and wins the heart of *C* (a high-spirited girl).

ACT II.—*A* (repudiating the privileges of a minor) thinks himself bound to *B*, and is formally engaged to her; but carries on with *C*, till he finds he is a cad, and in the revulsion of his feelings marries *B*.

ACT III.—*A* and *B* are unhappy. *C* plays the violin.

ACT IV.—*B* dies. *A* and *C* marry, and are unhappy.

ACT V.—*A* starts in a sailing-vessel for Australia; is "apparently drowned," but returns. So he and *C* are happier.

The moral seems to be that smacking at an early age will improve the backbone. And the story is readable. But "the defiant, miserable, rebellious young soul who had raised up such a tempest in poor Marcus Brand's hitherto serene and untroubled life, and had burnt her own fingers so terribly in doing so," does not appear good metaphor. You don't raise tempests with lucifer matches unless you tax them, or underpay your work-girls. Nor is "the most wretched of the two" (i. 206, cf. ii. 67) good grammar.

Miss Wotton's stories are really clever—some of them astonishingly clever; but "A Pretty Radical" is an unfortunate title, for on examination we find it to mean just nothing at all. Bating this, we have scarcely a word of blame for a set of slight, but artistic, stories which are not only good but give promise of better work to come. The situation in "Almost a Tragedy" is exceptionally strong, and if elaborated in a play, should give a clever actress such a chance as is seldom found. Guess, then, our delight when in reading on we found in "My First Patient" another as good. "Told in the Firelight" is dramatic too, and over "Beauty and the Beast" and "Told in the Studio" we came very close to real tears. To one or two of the tales, however, we demur. "Memory Sam" and "At Lucerne" read like imitations of Bret Harte in his feeble mood, and "A Particularly Nice Girl" is silly. But Miss Wotton has given us so much pleasure (and pain worth the feeling) that we hate to scold.

It is an insult, almost, to the three authoresses whose works we have criticised to deal with "Lord Allanroe" on the same page; for their books, whatever faults they possess, are honest literature,



whereas B. E. T. A.'s composition bears but one single resemblance to literature, and that a superficial one—it is printed on pages between covers. An extract will be enough:—

"Gentlemen and ladies!" began the boy, humorously, "my suggestion is this: you are all aware that the remarkable preference for each other's society, evinced by May Caxton and Stewart Rivers, has caused general discontent; therefore I propose that we shall now make it pleasing and satisfactory by joining this couple in marriage, and that *that* most interesting ceremony shall finish our Twelfth Night party, to the gratification of all present."

"This boyish speech was hailed with wild exclamations of delight." The mock service was recited by a boy of sixteen, over two children aged about thirteen each, and, being recited in Scotland, was binding! and entailed heaps of preposterous trouble to many fatuous and vulgar people; and is written down in a book by a fatuous and vulgar authoress, who heads each chapter with an extract from the late fatuous and vulgar correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*; and is badly printed, and dedicated to a man and a woman whose names we loathe to see mixed up with such a nasty mass of servants' English and back-stairs sentimentalism.

### THE LIBRARY REFERENCE ATLAS.

THE LIBRARY REFERENCE ATLAS OF THE WORLD. By John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. London: Macmillan and Co. 1890.

ALTHOUGH the materials which exist for the preparation of maps of nearly every part of the world are now abundant and accessible, the work of producing a satisfactory atlas remains a difficult one, and requires not only skill and accuracy, but the exercise of great judgment. To know what names to insert and what to omit, what physical features to bring out at the risk of obscuring political or administrative boundaries, what regions to give on a large and what on a smaller scale—are matters involving many delicate considerations, and on which competent geographers will often disagree. We do not, therefore, complain of this atlas because its author has occasionally decided problems not exactly in the way we should have ourselves decided them; for, taken all in all, it is one of the most judiciously conceived and carefully executed which we have seen for a long time. The latest sources of information seem to have been used; the maps are filled, yet not crowded, with names, and the allocation of map-space to countries in proportion to their respective importance to Englishmen is, on the whole, wise and likely to meet the wishes of most readers. If we make criticisms, some of which relate to comparatively small points, it is because the atlas is, on the whole, so satisfactory a performance in its main outlines that we desire to see it made perfect, as future editions may give opportunity, even in minute details.

The distinguishing features of the plan on which the atlas has been prepared are the inclusion of a number of physical maps, and the very full treatment of British territories, including India and the more important Colonies, and of the United States. The physical maps are well designed and executed, but several of them attempt more than can adequately be comprised within the space assigned to each. For instance, there are included in one double page four small maps of the world, presenting respectively the prevailing winds, the mean annual rainfall, the races of man, and the prevailing religions. Each of these maps is on too small a scale to enable justice to be done to any one of the four subjects, because the details cannot be brought out with profitable clearness in the limited space. The same remark applies to some others of these physical maps, and suggests the question whether it would not be better either to increase the size of the atlas by three or four more sheets, or to place the physical sheets in a thin companion volume.

The relatively large amount of space accorded to British possessions, and to the United States, is a peculiarity which English commercial men will appreciate. This advantage is, however, rather dearly bought by the sacrifice of so important a country as Germany, which is dealt with in one map only (whereas Ireland occupies four), and on so small a scale as to make even important towns and rivers inconspicuous. So, too, the whole of Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, and Abyssinia, are included in one map, which is therefore obliged to give

Asia Minor on a scale too small to be of use to the reader of a book of travels or history. Descending to smaller matters, we observe that there is some diversity of practice in different maps as regards the indication of mountain ranges. They are, quite properly, indicated rather faintly, in order not to interfere with the names of places. But whereas the indication is pretty distinct in the maps of Germany and Ireland, it is all but invisible in the map of Scotland. The ethnological map does not satisfy us. It sticks to exploded terms like "Hamitic" race; it marks the Dravidian races of middle and southern India with the same colour as negroes and Australian aborigines; it colours Finns, Magyars, and Turks, as "Mongolians"; it groups the Iberians of Spain and Celts of France as "Romanic." As respects political divisions, the colouring of the map of Austro-Hungary ought to be made to indicate more clearly the duality of the monarchy; that of the map of European Turkey ought to show that Eastern Roumelia has been united to Bulgaria; that of the map of British India ought not to imply that Upper Burmah is under a different administration from Lower Burmah, seeing that both are now ruled by the same Commissioner. In the map indicating the colonial possessions of Britain, Germany, France, and Portugal in Africa, while the Portuguese are, with a patriotic regard—which the Scotch missionaries will appreciate—to British contentions, not permitted to stray far from the coast, it is surprising to find Madagascar coloured as though it were a French possession, instead of being merely an island over which France claims some influence and exercises less. These are points to be noted with a view to correction. *Apropos* of Africa, it deserves to be remarked that pains have been taken to keep the maps abreast of the progress of geographical discovery in that continent, just as in the map of Palestine the results of the recent explorations have been carefully used. We may add that the Index is very full and satisfactory, and gladly repeat the hearty commendation already bestowed on the atlas taken as a whole.

### SOME NEW EDITIONS.

TENERIFFE AND ITS SIX SATELLITES. By Olivia M. Stone. New and revised edition. London, 1889.

SIBIRIEN! Von Georg Kennan: Deutsch von E. Kirchner. Dritte Auflage. Berlin: Siegfried Cronbach. 1890.

MRS. STONE has republished in one volume her formerly rather unwieldy two-volume book on the Canary Islands, and has prefixed to it a photographic portrait of herself, with a preface, in which she seems to claim the honour of being a virtual rediscoverer of these islands, which, she says, have only since the publication of her first edition become known to English tourists. These rather extravagant pretensions, to which we fancy Humboldt, Piazzi Smyth, and other less famous travellers, might have something to say, must not prevent us from recognising Mrs. Stone's energy, boldness, and power of enduring hardships. He who explores the minor isles of the group, such as Lanzarote and Gomera, has hardships to face, and she faced them in a manner deserving all praise. It is a pity that her gift for literary description does not equal her gift for overcoming obstacles in travel; but she has certainly made this edition more agreeable reading than the first was, having retrenched superfluous matter and given a little more polish to her style. She has collected abundance of interesting matter, and if she does not succeed in conveying a full impression of those charms of climate and scenery, which make the Canary Isles delightful in recollection to any one who has spent even a few days in them, it is not because she has failed to feel the charms herself. But the power of rendering impressions is one of the rarest of all literary gifts. A really first-rate book of travels is no commoner—easy as the task of writing one may seem to those who have never tried it—than a first-rate treatise on metaphysics or economics.

The speedy publication in Berlin of a cheap translation of Mr. Kennan's book on Siberia, or rather of its first ten chapters, is a witness to the strong feeling which exists in Germany against the present Russian Government, and to some extent, it is to be feared, against Russia as a European Power. The translator gives in his preface the wish to bring German opinion to bear on the Czardom as the motive for undertaking the work, with a view to "bettering the lot of our unhappy Russian brethren," but intimates the small hope entertained in Germany, that the administration will be moved thereby. The translation, so far as we have read it, is executed with spirit.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

BIOGRAPHERS in search of a subject seem somehow to have fought shy of that representative "beau sabreur" and Cavalier "Prince Rupert." Eliot Warburton, it is true, wrote, in 1849, three ponderous volumes which nobody ever dreams of reading now, entitled "Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers." This—with the exception of a pamphlet of some eighty pages printed the year after the Prince's death, in 1683—appears to be all that has hitherto existed in the shape of a biography of a soldier whom Clarendon, the historian of the Civil Wars, has treated with a strange amount of neglect. Even the gossips and diarists of the Court of Charles II. have remarkably little to say about the man who fought so valiantly for the Royalist cause. For this reason if for no other Lord Ronald Gower's book is welcome, especially as he has contrived with a fair degree of success to present the more picturesque aspects of the story within reasonable compass. Prince Rupert was born in 1619, and was the younger son of Frederick V., Elector Palatine of the Rhine. His mother was the daughter of James I. She was a beautiful woman, who in the courtly language of the times was called the Queen of Hearts. It was in the service of the Prince of Orange that the brilliant young nephew of Charles I. gained his earliest reputation as a soldier. In the winter of 1635 Prince Rupert paid his first visit to England, and quickly became a favourite at the Court of Charles I. The portrait which Vandyck painted of him on this occasion still hangs at Coombe Abbey, and represents the young soldier as a frank, handsome, engaging youth. Archbishop Laud was fascinated by Prince Rupert, and wished to make a bishop of him; he, however, "preferred his Lovelock and coat of mail to a crosier and lawn-sleeves." On his return to Holland, Rupert took part in the siege of Breda, and was afterwards taken prisoner, and spent some time in captivity in the fortress of Lintz on the Danube. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Charles appointed him General of the Royal Horse, and the next few years of Rupert's life belong to the English History. Lord Ronald Gower does not pretend to relate, even in outline, the course of the struggle between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, but he brings into prominence the gallant part which Prince Rupert played at Edgehill, Newbury, Marston Moor, Naseby, and other famous battles of the period. Extremely little is told us in these pages concerning Prince Rupert's career on the sea, where he won distinction in the years when Cromwell's supremacy in England forbade his presence on our shores. His influence in the New World—he was the first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company—is perpetuated in the territory known as Rupert's Land. On the battlefield Prince Rupert was proverbially rash and impetuous, and in many a fierce encounter he placed his valour, daring, and skill beyond challenge. His closing days were passed at Windsor, where he interested himself in scientific pursuits. As far as possible he seems to have kept aloof from the corrupt and boisterous Court of his cousin Charles II., and he will always be remembered not merely as a great soldier, but as one of the earliest and most active members of the Royal Society. He died in his sixty-third year, and was buried, as became the princely old Cavalier, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. This is a slight, but gracefully written, account of Prince Rupert's life, and the attraction of the book is enhanced by the reproduction of the three celebrated portraits by Vandyck, Faithorne, and Kneller.

Ninety years have elapsed since "The Poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*" first appeared, but though the circumstances which occasioned it belong, strictly speaking, to the closing days of last century, the wit is as amusing and the satire almost as trenchant as ever. The *Anti-Jacobin* or *Weekly Examiner* ran its brief but brilliant career between November, 1797, and July, 1798; each number contained political and satirical verses, marked by biting irony, and sweeping attacks on the Whigs and all their works. George Canning projected the paper, but Gifford was its working editor, and amongst its foremost contributors were Hookham Frere, George Ellis, and the future Earls of Liverpool and Carlisle. Many of the best poems in the *Anti-Jacobin* were social, rather than political, and this characteristic of the once famous journal is brought prominently out in the present collection. The book in its new and

attractive form contains six illustrations by Gillray, the caricaturist, and a number of valuable notes by Mr. Edmonds.

The first edition of "The Pocket Atlas of the World," by Mr. J. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., appeared nearly four years ago; since then several editions of the book have been called for, and new maps have been added from time to time. Instead of the fifty-four maps which were originally given, seventy-two are now included in the work. The entire atlas has undergone careful revision, and twenty pages at the commencement are now devoted to statistical tables, which contain in summary the leading facts of general geography. This miniature atlas also now possesses what it formerly lacked—a full index of places, the scope of which is perhaps sufficiently indicated when we add that it fills no less than seventy closely printed double columns. All the maps are carefully coloured, and Mr. Bartholomew has resisted the temptation to crowd them with unnecessary names. Not only is there a special map of the "Environs of London," but also Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and Belfast are similarly honoured. Altogether this is a wonderful little book, and merits the popularity it has won.

It was decidedly a happy thought on the part of Mr. Kitchin to prepare a cheap little manual to meet the needs of "The Biblical Student in the British Museum." The book is a successful attempt to show how much there is within the walls of the great institution in Bloomsbury, in the shape of manuscripts, tablets, cylinders, books, slabs, statues, signets, and other memorials of the remote past, which not merely illustrates, but often throws fresh and unexpected significance upon the historical incidents and allusions of the Bible. The object which Mr. Kitchin has set himself to achieve is not to describe in vague terms the general antiquities of the Museum, but to single out for explicit handling those which are of the first importance to Biblical students.

Two good novels have just won the honour of a popular edition—Marion Crawford's "Tale of a Lonely Parish," and Julian Sturgis' "Comedy of a Country House." Both of these books interpret different aspects of country society in a thoroughly natural and charming manner, and yet with no lack of sensational incident or subtle imaginative insight into life and character. Marion Crawford's book is well known, and Julian Sturgis' brilliant "Comedy" deserves also to be widely read.

Professor Drummond is of opinion that great books of travel have had their day, and whether he is correct or not—and we should not like to say so, with Stanley and Nansen looming in the immediate future—he has contrived to pack a great deal of information about our new Protectorate into the hundred and twenty pages of "Nyassaland." The book, we need scarcely add, consists of extracts from Professor Drummond's "Tropical Africa," and it has been called for in consequence of our recent difficulties with Portugal about Africa. In these five graphic chapters, without a single superfluous paragraph, Professor Drummond describes the physical aspects and moral condition of what he terms the "Heart of Africa." Professor Drummond asserts that there is not "one man who knows the facts, not even one Portuguese subject on the Zambesi—who in his heart of hearts does not see the moral greatness of the last act of the British Government." We do not profess to know what is in the "heart of hearts" of the Portuguese settlers on the Zambesi, but fortunately—in spite of such ignorance—we can honestly add that this is a timely, graphic, if somewhat too oratorical book.

In "Duchess Frances," Miss Sarah Tytler's latest novel, the escapades of "La belle Jennings," maid of honour to the Duchess of York at the Court of Charles II., are admirably described. Frances Jennings was a pretty but heartless coquette, and was both more attractive and flighty than her imperious sister, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Her first husband was Count George Hamilton, and after his death she married the notorious Dick Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel. The lights and shadows of the time are vividly reflected in a story which reveals the political and social intrigues of a period which prevailed in England towards the close of the seventeenth century. There is abundant evidence of historical research in this pleasing rather than brilliant story, and the showy, selfish life of Duchess Frances, with its unscrupulous ambition, restless energy, and sarcastic wit, is described in a manner which powerfully suggests the unspoken moral.

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\* RUPERT OF THE RHINE: a Biographical Sketch of the Life of Prince Rupert, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Cumberland, &c. By Lord Ronald Gower. Three Portraits. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

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DUCHESS FRANCES. By Sarah Tytler. Two Vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Crown 8vo. (21s.)



# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1890.

## NOTES OF THE DAY.

ALL other European events have been cast into the shade this week by the resignation of PRINCE BISMARCK. It seems to have taken the English public and English journalists generally by surprise. Readers of THE SPEAKER learned a week ago, however, how imminent the event was. PRINCE BISMARCK has evidently made one of those small mistakes which sometimes ruin the greatest careers. He misjudged the character of the present EMPEROR OF GERMANY, and believed he would find in him a more pliable instrument than the EMPEROR FREDERICK would have proved. Like our English WOLSEY, he now knows how great an error he has committed. The “smashing speech” which puzzled people so much when it fell from the Emperor's lips two weeks ago was, after all, really directed against the great Chancellor, and the latter has now accepted his overthrow—not without dignity. We discuss the situation which is created by the fall of PRINCE BISMARCK elsewhere. It is a momentous event in European history, and its ultimate consequences no man can foresee.

THE Labour Conference, which is not remotely connected with the Chancellor's resignation, was opened at Berlin on Saturday. The proceedings are strictly secret, and for the present, therefore, the world is none the wiser for the deliberations of the chosen representatives of the great industrial Powers. The Emperor himself has shown marked favour to the envoys who have met at Berlin, notably to M. JULES SIMON, the distinguished French representative; whilst the German press seems inclined to believe that the Labour Conference must result in a beneficent social revolution throughout the world. We should be glad to share the optimist views of these Berlin journalists; but even though we cannot do this, we can at least hail the Conference as a step in the right direction—an attempt to determine the great facts affecting the state of the European workman in an assembly which is at once free from mere party bias and from the vice of demagoguism.

ON Thursday LORD SALISBURY met his Parliamentary supporters at the Carlton Club. Nothing was said about LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who was conspicuous by his absence. LORD SALISBURY threw cold water upon the rumours of an impending dissolution, implored his friends to support the Tithes Bill, promised a Land Purchase Bill for Ireland which is to cost the English taxpayer nothing, and urged Tories to keep open minds on the subject of Free Education, which is to be dealt with next Session if possible. A Local Government Bill for Ireland is also to be introduced before the General Election. The general effect of the speech is that for the present there will be no dissolution unless the party in the House of Commons breaks up; but that a dissolution is inevitable in the spring or summer of next year.

THE great coal strike, which threatened to demoralise English industry from end to end, has happily been settled at

a conference between masters and men on Thursday afternoon, when the men agreed to take a 5 per cent. advance now, and a second 5 per cent. at the beginning of August.

MR. MORLEY's speech on Wednesday at Stepney was the most important made out of Parliament during the week. Perhaps its most significant passage was that in which he turned to ridicule the notion that there was any compact with the Roman Catholics on the subject of the denominational schools. The extraordinary thing is that anybody should ever have believed in the possibility of such a compact, or should have imagined that MR. MORLEY, of all men in the world, would have any part in it. The Scotch principle of dealing with denominational schools is that which MR. MORLEY favours. Referring to the recent debates on the PARNELL Commission, MR. MORLEY denounced the speeches and motion of Ministers as an underhand attempt to set “Parnellism and Crime” on its feet again.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was celebrated by the usual banquets on Monday, in the leading English towns; and once more there was witnessed that fraternisation between English and Irish speakers which was practically unknown on such occasions before 1886. MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE and MR. WALLACE were the principal speakers at the London banquet, which was held in the Cannon Street Hotel, and both spoke with excellent effect, the former paying a tribute to the high personal qualities of MR. FORSTER, which was received with enthusiasm by his audience of Irishmen. At Birmingham, MR. LABOUCHERE addressed a crowded meeting, and handled MR. CHAMBERLAIN with that mixture of humorous cynicism and real severity of which he is a master. There, as elsewhere, the “Separatists” were received with an enthusiasm which the “Unionists” would have had no chance of evoking.

WHO is the foolish person who advises the DUC D'ORLÉANS on the subject of his letters to the press? His latest production strikes a distinctly false note—at all events, in English ears. “Prison is less hard than exile, for prison is still the soil of France,” says this young Heir-Apparent to the Pretendship, forgetful of the fact that his family has long been notorious for the readiness with which it has accepted exile when accompanied by material ameliorations. Sentimentalism of this description sounds unpleasantly like cant.

ANOTHER of the heroes of Balaclava has died in a workhouse. The man for whom a grateful country provided this retreat in his old age was DAVID THOMAS, formerly in the Fourth Light Dragoons. He had served with his regiment for twenty-six years; had fought at Inkerman and the Alma, besides taking part in the great charge; held the Crimean medal with four clasps, the Turkish medal, and the medal for distinguished services in the field. And he died in Carmarthen workhouse at the age of sixty-eight. How his fate must encourage the others!

THE removal of more than forty thousand Mohammedans from the Caucasus, where they have lived for generations under Russian sway, to some as yet undetermined part of Asiatic Turkey, is an event which may involve serious consequences. The settlement of Circassian immigrants among the Bulgarians was one of the causes which provoked the insurrection of 1876, out of which the war of 1877 sprang. Since then, the Circassians and some other immigrants from the Caucasian lands have been a pest to more than one region of Asia Minor. Should this new swarm be settled in districts inhabited by an agricultural Christian population, conflicts like those which are every day reported from Armenia may arise, and still further endanger the peace of the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. SIR JAMES FERGUSON, when interrogated last Monday by MR. BRYCE, gave a reply which seemed vaguely to disclaim any disposition on the part of the Foreign Office to warn the Sultan against a course whose evils experience has only too amply proved.

THE curious perversity with which the Tories, while professing themselves the true friends of the masses, reject the simplest and most obvious means of satisfying popular wishes, was illustrated by the *non credimus* as well as *non possumus* language held by the Scotch Lord Advocate in arguing against MR. BUCHANAN'S motion for the protection of rights of way in Scotland. Although nothing was asked except some better and cheaper means of obtaining a legal decision on disputed questions than now exists, the sympathy of the Government with landowners was evidently so warm, and their regard for the public so cold, that they resisted the motion, and were defeated by a majority of thirteen, nearly all the Scotch members present voting against them.

FOUR bye-elections are now pending. In that most anomalous group, the Ayr Burghs—two of them not in Ayr, and each controlled by a different social element from the rest—MR. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE may fairly expect to receive the reward of his labours in North Paddington in 1887. In Boston the retiring member, MR. ATKINSON, is, we believe, that exceptional being, a Conservative Nonconformist; and it is fair to assume that some of the support he obtained in the parent-land of the Pilgrim Fathers was due to his Nonconformity rather than to his Conservatism. The constituency has increased by some fourteen per cent. since 1886, and it ought not to be difficult for MR. COOTE—till recently the Liberal candidate for a neighbouring county division—to inflict another defeat on the Government.

No better selection to succeed MR. BIGGAR could possibly have been made than that of MR. E. V. KNOX, an Ulster Protestant, a landowner, a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and one of the most active and best known of the younger members of the Eighty Club. MR. KNOX has also done much useful work for the Home Rule Union and at bye-elections, and his return for West Cavan will not only strengthen the Nationalist party, but produce an effect on the minds of a good many independent or wavering electors throughout the United Kingdom.

MEANWHILE the Ulster Unionists will probably receive a welcome accession of strength in the return for East Down of DR. RENTOUL, County Councillor for Woolwich, who will presumably assist in that political work on English platforms which—as MR. T. W. RUSSELL has forcibly pointed out—has hitherto fallen almost exclusively on two out of the sixteen non-official Irish Unionist members. A contest indeed is in contemplation, but as the Conservative majority in 1886 was nearly two to one, we can hardly hope for more than an encouraging result; unless, indeed, the constituency shows

some of the alarming independence of its neighbours in Antrim, and gives serious support to a non-political candidate.

THE vigorous plea for the electoral independence of the University of Dublin put forward a month ago by the Protestant Primate of Ireland has had some effect, if the reason why the Attorney-General for Ireland is not to succeed the late BARON DOWSE is that his successor in the representation of the University would have to face a contested election. There is a healthy disregard of English party exigencies noticeable among Irish Unionists—who certainly have no great reason for gratitude to English Conservatives—which gives good hope that in a Home Rule Parliament, party divisions may be re-arranged and old feuds may die out.

DR. OGLE'S paper on "Marriage Rates and Ages," read before the Statistical Society on Tuesday last, points to important conclusions, theoretical and practical. He disposed of the old doctrine that the marriage rate in England varies universally with the price of corn, but established a direct though not constant relation between it and the value of exports, which may be taken as an index of the amount of employment available. And he pointed out that to keep population stationary—a necessity which must some day arise—45 per cent. must remain celibate, taking the average of children to a family as slightly above four. Practically his results seem to point—first to the discouragement of the employment of married women, since marriages are earliest where the wives can earn most; secondly, and more distinctly, to the encouragement of the higher education of women of the upper classes, partly to provide for the large majority who must eventually remain celibate, partly to retard the age of their marriage beyond its present mean of twenty-six and a half years.

AMONG well-known men who have died during the week are MR. GRAY, who was the very matter-of-fact but most efficient "cherub" who "sat up aloft" in the Board of Trade office, and looked after the life and the general interests of poor Jack; MR. J. R. HERBERT, the ex-Academician, who would have left behind him a greater reputation as a painter if he had ceased to paint a dozen years ago; and BARON DOWSE (who died very suddenly at the close of last week). BARON DOWSE was a wise and witty Irishman; a strong opponent of Home Rule, but a kindly and a just one, who at least made himself conspicuous in recent years by his resolve that there should be no suspicion of partiality towards "the Castle" in any trial over which he presided. Home Rulers may well forgive his occasional outbursts against MR. GLADSTONE in consideration of his many virtues.

At last the just claims of the tourist in the Highlands are in a fair way of being recognised. The House of Commons has resolved by a majority of thirteen that it is desirable to place rights of way under the protection of the County Councils. As the motion was supported by Unionist members, as it was carried against the Government, and as the result was only not to be considered a Ministerial defeat because they refused to treat it as a Government question, there is some hope of a practical result after the General Election.

THE most important member of the new French Cabinet appears to be M. RIBOT, whose high character and brilliant abilities are well known. At the Foreign Office he will maintain a strictly Conservative policy, and in his hands, at least, the relations of France with this country are not likely to suffer. Among other well-known men in the Cabinet are M. YVES GUYOT, M. ROUVIER, M. CONSTANS, and M. DE



FREYCINET—that “harmless necessary” stop-gap, to whom Presidents now turn whenever a dead-lock is threatened.

It now appears that M. TIRARD fell in the interests of Free Trade, although he was no doubt glad of any feasible opportunity to hasten the collapse of his tottering Cabinet. The Senate rejected his commercial treaty with Turkey, as it was certain to do. Commercial treaties are very unpopular in France at the present time. Several treaties expire this year, and it is more than likely that they will not be renewed. The Customs Commission now considering this question is composed almost entirely of Protectionists. Amidst the excitement caused by the eruption of Boulangism in French politics, and the desire to sacrifice everything for the safety of the Republic, the commercial interests of the country were forgotten during the elections, with the result that there are strong Protectionist majorities in both Houses. The Protectionist reaction which set in strongly in 1880, and was increased by the election of 1885, is likely to continue. The treaties will have to go. When the treaty with Italy expired in 1888, commercial relations were practically cut off with that country. Prohibitive tariffs were raised on both sides. The Germans stepped in, and took the place of the French in Italy—almost doubling their exports to that country in one year. The discontinuance of the other treaties will have a similar effect on French commerce.

THE French find the greatest difficulty in dealing with Germany, which imports largely into France, and competes successfully with France in the neighbouring markets. It is a matter of great regret with them that they cannot take exceptional measures against Germany. But their hands are tied. The Treaty of Frankfort, which settled the relations of the two countries after the war, contains a clause which binds France to treat Germany in commercial matters under the *régime* of “the most favoured nation.” France cannot deny Germany favours which she accords to other countries. It would be well for France if her hands were tied in other directions. As it is, we fear that this year will see another layer placed on the Protectionist barriers, to be followed next year with the usual and inevitable result—another shrinkage of French commerce and depression of trade.

A CURIOUS scene was witnessed at the gates of the Yildiz Kiosk yesterday week, when the Sultan paid his weekly visit to the Mosque, which closely adjoins the palace gates. There is always a crowd of sightseers on this occasion—a crowd such as can only be gathered together in Constantinople, where the people of three Continents are brought into contact. Usually Europeans who enjoy the favour of their respective embassies are allowed to witness the ceremony from the windows of a small Kiosk. Last week, however, two English tourist steamers—the *Chimboraza* and the *Ceylon*—were both at anchor in the Golden Horn, and their passengers, three hundred in number, were all anxious to be present at the door of the Mosque. Hearing of this, the Sultan gave special orders that they were permitted to occupy a terrace generally reserved for the ladies of the harem; and when he heard the cheers with which they greeted him, sent RIAZ PASHA to thank them, and further ordered refreshments to be supplied to the whole party. It is a small incident, but, considering the obscurity in which the Sultan has chosen to wrap himself throughout his reign, not altogether an insignificant one.

THE copyright question is at present being discussed at Ottawa as well as at Washington. The Imperial Government declined to sanction the Act passed by the Dominion Parliament last Session, and the English Copyright Association has

now petitioned against it. It is said, on the one hand, that Canada is under the Imperial Copyright Act of 1842, and that the proposed legislation would be injurious to all British copyright owners, except those resident in the Dominion. But, on the other hand, Canadian authors and publishers have just ground for complaint. Their market is ruined by cheap American reprints. It is illegal to reprint English copyright works in Canada, but pirated editions of the same works may be imported from the United States on payment of a duty—which, we believe, is rarely collected. The principal pirates in New York are Canadians, who, finding that they were not allowed to carry on their piratical operations peaceably in Canada, migrated to the States. The Americans have decidedly the best of us in this triangular question of copyright. An American may control the three markets. By paying a flying visit to Canada, throwing off a few copies of his work from plates which he brought with him, the American author secures copyright in Canada and in this country. But before an English author can get copyright in the United States, he must take an American citizen into partnership. The Bill now under the consideration of Congress at Washington, defective and partisan as it is, would be a slight improvement on the present anomalous position of copyright, which is against the interest of authors in both countries.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week. In the outside market there has been some recovery in rates, the discount charge being about three per cent. It appears very probable that gold will be withdrawn from the Bank for Berlin next week, when the monthly settlement on the Bourse there begins. The settlement cannot fail to be a difficult one, owing to the embarrassments of speculators and brokers, especially as the resignation of PRINCE BISMARCK has filled the public mind with apprehension. Already it is possible to send gold from London to Berlin with very little loss, and next week there may probably be a profit on doing so. There is some apprehension, too, that gold will be withdrawn for Paris when the settlement there begins, on April 1st. The difficulties in Buenos Ayres are as great as ever, and the need for gold is strongly felt. And money in New York is both scarce and dear. Therefore, bankers and brokers in London are not inclined to take bills at low rates. On the other hand, the Government expenditure is now larger than the receipts; and early in April the payment of the interest on the National Debt will add largely to the supply of loanable capital in the outside market.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S resignation and the coal strike have depressed all departments of the Stock Exchange this week. For months past speculation for the rise here has been growing smaller and smaller, and especially it has been restricted in what are called international securities. In Germany, however, speculation has been carried to a reckless extent for years, and a crisis in consequence has appeared imminent in Berlin for some time past. The fear is that it may now be precipitated by the retirement of a statesman who has filled so great a place in the world's eyes. If so, every Stock Exchange in Europe and America must be seriously affected. The coal strike has not caused so great a fall in English railway stocks as might have been expected, for operators believe that the coal-owners will give way before very long. The general opinion in the City is that they can afford to do so, and the concessions being made by so many owners seem to confirm the view. Already, though the strike is not a week old, very serious injury has been inflicted upon the cotton trade, factories in large numbers having been closed, and a decision being taken to close others, and if the stoppage of coal production lasts much longer every industry in the country must suffer seriously. As yet, however, with the exception of cotton, trade generally has not been very much affected.

## AMONG THE BREAKERS.

NO one who reads the reports of the meeting held at the Carlton Club on Thursday can doubt that the ship of the Government is, for the moment at all events, in distress. It is quite true that the mere summoning of the supporters of the Ministry to confer with their chief was not in itself a proof that a crisis had arrived, and we are not among those who attach special importance either to the two defeats on minor questions sustained by the Government within a week, or to the attack of Lord Randolph Churchill upon his former colleagues. Any one of these incidents, taken by itself, might pass as a comparatively trivial matter. But when they come together, and when they are accompanied by such incidents as the loss of St. Pancras, the increased Liberal majority at Stoke, and the heavy damage sustained by Ministers both in the House of Commons and the country in connection with the debate on the Report of the Parnell Commission, they have a significance which it is impossible to deny. The Government are among the breakers. They may weather the storm, and once more gain calmer waters; but even the most sanguine of their number knows that for the moment they stand so heavily discredited in the eyes of the country as to be in real and even imminent danger.

The manner of Lord Salisbury's denial of the truth of the current rumours on the question of an early dissolution will do little to cast doubt upon them. We are inclined, indeed, to think that the Prime Minister is in exactly the same position as the rest of the world. He does not himself know when the dissolution will come or when it will not come. He only knows that there are many rocks and shoals ahead of the Government, and that they are steadily if gradually losing that wind of popular favour which alone can carry them along in safety. So he talks vaguely about unfounded gossip, and warns his followers against believing it, whilst at the same time he urges them to attend to local organisation and to be ready for a General Election, which must certainly come before long. Far more important than these common-places of Ministerial wisdom were the remarks which he is reported to have made on the business immediately before the House. The Tithes Bill and the Irish Land Purchase Bill are both set down among the measures which Ministers are to try to pass this session if possible—that is to say, if “the obstruction and open opposition of a very determined kind,” to which Lord Salisbury refers, will allow of it. Whatever the Prime Minister may choose to say about obstruction in the future, he has had little reason as yet this session to complain of it. Much time, it is true, has been occupied in debates bearing upon the Parnell Commission, and much more must yet be said upon the same subject. But to describe the determination of the Liberal party to insist upon the fullest discussion of all the circumstances attending that unprecedented incident in our political history as “obstruction” is the merest abuse of words. It strikes us that in referring to obstruction, and in coupling it with the fortunes of the measures we have named, Lord Salisbury was looking to the future, and thinking of the time, not far distant, when he will have to justify his failure to carry his measures before the country.

Very significant also was his allusion to “assisted education”—slight though it appears to have been. We are to have a measure upon this subject not during the present Session, but next year if Ministers are still in office, and Lord Salisbury beseeches his friends to keep an open mind upon the question. Shrewd persons in both parties will conclude that it is upon this question that Ministers mean to appeal to the country, and we may, therefore, take it that the dissolution will not take place later than the spring of next year. The moral for the Liberal party is so obvious that it is hardly necessary to indicate it. Yet upon one point, alas! such a necessity unquestionably exists. It is well known to the initiated that

the strongest argument which has been used by those Tory wire-pullers who have been trying to induce Lord Salisbury to dissolve at once is one that has never yet been alluded to in the press. That is the fact that at this moment there are nearly four-score English constituencies which are still unprovided with Liberal candidates. We cannot be accused of want of loyalty to our party in alluding to this fact; for it is just as well known at the Carlton Club as it is at the Reform. The words of warning and advice which Lord Salisbury addressed to his followers when he bade them set their house in order are still more urgently needed by his opponents. A great battle—undoubtedly the greatest political battle of the last sixty years—lies before us. It may be very near; it cannot—with a Ministry floundering, like the present one, in broken water—be far distant. Of its result we entertain no doubt whatever; but a decisive Liberal victory, such as will be necessary if we are to reap the fruits of the labours and the sacrifices of recent years, can only be secured if the Liberal party throughout the country forthwith puts forth all its strength in order to complete its organisation. When we know that English Liberalism is really organised, not alone in the great towns of the North, but in every constituency, rural or urban, in the land, we shall be able to watch the signs of growing weakness on the part of Ministers, and of an impending dissolution of Parliament, not merely with equanimity, but with something like an absolute certainty of victory in the battle of the ballot-boxes.

## GERMANY WITHOUT BISMARCK.

THOSE who have had to thin out trees from their parks know that nothing is more difficult than to imagine the aspect which a bit of landscape will present when some tall ash or spreading oak has been removed, nor to predict exactly how the lesser trees or shrubs that have stood near it will suffer or gain by its removal. Bismarck, the Chancellor of the Empire, the Minister President of the Prussian kingdom, the creator of the modern German State, the man of blood and iron, has been so long the central figure, not only in Germany, but in the politics of the European Continent, that it is hard to picture to one's self a Germany not ruled by him, a Central Europe whose international relations do not feel the magnetic force of his will. Who knows what the next tempest may overthrow, when this strong, stern personality—tough, gnarled, and rugged as an ancient oak—this personality which formed so efficient a shelter to those it wished to defend, stands in its place no more? Who can tell, on the other hand, what fresh crop of new statesmen, new ideas, new institutions may arise when the broad deep shade which checked their growth has vanished? We are far from assuming that Bismarck may not reascend, whether immediately or when some grave crisis calls for him, the pinnacle of power on which he has stood since 1862. Ever since 1875 he has been threatening resignation. But it is worth while to consider the results likely to follow on his own country, and on the politics of Europe generally, if he passes finally off the scene.

The most obvious effect on Germany will be to bring out the monarchical character of its government in strong relief. There is something fascinating about the idea of a popular monarchy. Many writers, from Bolingbroke down to Disraeli, have admired its directness and simplicity, its capacity for prompt action, the vigour which it gives to the organism when everything is in perfect order. But if it is fascinating, it is also dangerous—dangerous even in Germany, where the fact that the nation is also an army, accustomed to obey its chief, gives the system special advantages. One of the uses of a responsible Ministry is to divert from the nominal head of the Executive the blame and discredit of any fault or failure. If the monarch, whether legally irresponsible or not, makes himself the real governor, he must be prepared to bear this discredit



with serious consequences to the institution of monarchy itself. The most able monarch will sometimes err; and even if he does not err, failure may attend some of his projects; even if he neither errs nor fails, the weapon which his hand could wield may be too heavy for his successor. Richard II. comes after Edward III. In Germany the long dominance of Bismarck has prevented any other Minister from gaining influence with the nation, or filling the space which separates the Sovereign from his subjects. Whoever becomes Chancellor will be deemed to be in fact, as well as in name, the servant and mouthpiece of the Emperor; and all the more so because the Emperor's will has prevailed against the will which used to be accounted the strongest in Europe. There is doubtless a large reserve of administrative and diplomatic ability in the upper ranks of the German, and especially of the Prussian, Civil Service. But no one has appeared—possibly no one may appear—to whom the Chamber and the people will hearken, as so large a part of them have been wont to hearken to the man who began his Ministerial career by resisting the Chamber, and whom the Chamber, after two great wars, confessed to have prevailed, and rightly prevailed, against it. With so many different sections composing it, the Reichstag is already in a state of unstable equilibrium, and the management of it presents unusual difficulties. In a genuinely Parliamentary country like England, a Parliamentary leader would be brought to the top by the natural action of the usual forces. But in Germany it is by the Sovereign, and not by the Chamber, that the Ministry is formed. The Chamber cannot indeed in Germany, as in England, stop the wheels of Government. Nevertheless, even in Germany, there are many things which can only be done by the help of the Legislature; and the less danger there seems to be from external enemies, the more unworkable is such a Legislature as the present one likely to become. The young Emperor, no doubt, relies on his personal authority; yet, if that authority was not sufficient to secure a Cartel majority, why should it induce the present Assembly to accept the measures which come stamped with his approval? He is industrious, vigorous, self-confident; but he has not given any proof of possessing such a grasp of the economical and social problems which confront Germany as will enable him to answer the expectations he has not shrunk from raising. Should he fail to find statesmen who can devise some better means of dealing with these problems than either England or France has yet been able to discover, the progress of Socialistic opinions and growth of a Socialist section in the Chamber are likely to aggravate existing difficulties.

The wisest man cannot see far ahead in modern politics, and nineteen years ago wise men feared for the new Empire some dangers which are scarcely recollected to-day. It was thought that the jealousies of the German princes, and the imperfect cohesion of the States united in the new Empire, would be a grave source of trouble, possibly even of conflicts. As the national life of Germany as a whole has grown more intense, and the cohesive forces more powerful, this element of danger has passed into the background. Should anything occur to bring it again to the front, neither the Emperor nor any new adviser he may have could be trusted to supply the blank which Bismarck leaves. His diplomatic experience of the various German kingdoms and principalities dates back to the days immediately after the risings of 1848; his recollection of current events, back even to the French Revolution of 1830. All the leading princes and Ministers have been accustomed to defer to him. He holds threads in his hands which no one else knows so thoroughly, and which even those who may learn to know them will not for years to come be fit to handle so deftly.

What is true of Germany in her domestic relations is scarcely less true, *mutatis mutandis*, of the international system whereof she forms the centre. No other statesman in Europe combines the two elements which have given to Bismarck the primacy of Europe—those of the ascendancy of personal genius

and the command of vast material forces. The Czar is obeyed by a gigantic army, but the Czar is powerful only through his army, and so far as individual insight and judgment go, counts for very little. Lord Salisbury seems to direct the fleet of England, and might perhaps involve her in a war before public opinion could check him. But Lord Salisbury has never impressed the mind of the Continent. At Berlin, in 1878, men spoke slightly of him; nor does anyone believe his power to be stable. No French Minister, no Austrian, no Italian, enjoys any authority beyond his own country. The two latter States have of late waited for a nod from Berlin before they have taken any steps of importance, nor has Germany been less the main source of influence for the Turks, for Roumania, perhaps we may now add for the Court of Athens. That Berlin has so prevailed is very largely due to the prestige of success which has surrounded the Chancellor ever since he outwitted Austria in the matter of the Danish duchies, a piece of statecraft even more remarkable than his subsequent triumphs over Louis Napoleon, whom the world once thought so wise. The brilliance of that triumph and the vast results that followed it have made people ascribe to him an almost superhuman foresight and strength of will; they have purchased forgiveness for his errors; they have contributed scarcely less than the exploits of the German army to create the Triple Alliance, to restrain the hostile passions of France and Russia, to keep the simmering cauldron of Bulgaria, Servia, Macedonia, and Montenegro from boiling over into open war.

What then will the stilling of this voice to which the rest of Europe has listened, whether in fear or in sympathy, mean for the rest of Europe? Austria and Italy will count it a misfortune. It will not directly affect the Triple Alliance, which is based on strong motives of real or supposed interest. While Francis Joseph of Austria lives, while Crispi retains power, there is not likely to be any change in the so-called League of Peace. But there is no certainty that the leading member of the League will know so well how to preserve peace as Bismarck has known. Austria has more than once come dangerously near to conduct calculated to provoke war. Next time, without Bismarck to hold her back, she may overstep the line. Russia and France, on the other hand, will feel relieved of the awe inspired by him before whom Louis Napoleon and Jules Favre quailed, and whom Gortschakoff owned as his superior. The spell which Germany has laid on both Powers will be more than half broken. Not that any immediate danger need be expected. France knows the terrible stake she would have to play for. The Czar, though he joins his people in desiring an authority south of the Danube, which only war can secure to him, does not desire war, and sees that Russia will gain by waiting. Yet both France and Russia know that they have less to fear when their most redoubtable opponent is removed, and therefore his removal clouds the prospect, which lately seemed brightening, of European peace.

We may seem in thus writing to ignore the adage which reminds us that there is no such thing as an indispensable man. History is full of instances that contradict the adage. Still we are far from holding that Bismarck is indispensable. Germany may have men (though one is surprised to see them sought among the soldiers) whose prudence, tact, and knowledge will compensate for the loss of the personal influence he exercised. The exercise as well as the possession of power may sober the young monarch, in whose self-confidence and undue sense of "mission" no small part of the danger of the situation lies. Nor will Bismarck's withdrawal be an unmixed misfortune for the tone and temper of the German people. His influence has been in some respects pernicious. It has intensified their tendency to think first and mainly of material greatness and material power, putting their former achievements in the fields of literature, learning, and science, into a second place. It

has accustomed them to harsh and violent methods. It has made them condone acts, some of which, if done by a less famous man, would have been branded as acts of trickery or spoliation. It has given a tinge of cynicism, almost of brutality, to their political thinking as well as to their political action—a tinge conspicuous in the writings of the most typical of their publicists, H. von Treitschke. These are defects which, altogether apart from questions of morality or taste, are dangerous to a nation because they debase and therefore weaken the national character, and they produce an attitude which other States will, sooner or later, resent and punish. So far as internal questions are concerned there is no sign that the Chancellor has any better way of dealing with Socialism than by stern repression, nor with economic difficulties than by stringent protective tariffs. Those who come after him may be wiser and more liberal. Were it not for the dangers that impend from her enemies on East and West, Germany might unregretfully permit her most famous man to spend in seclusion the remainder of his days, feeling that her domestic problems are not those he is best fitted to solve, yet never forgetting the debt she owes to the man who made her not only a nation, but a State, the central and leading State of the European Continent.

#### WHAT WILL BECOME OF LORD RANDOLPH?

WHAT is to become of Lord Randolph Churchill? This is the question which has been most generally discussed at dinner tables and in political clubs during the past fortnight, and as yet no satisfactory answer has been given to it. One thing at least seems tolerably certain at present. That is, that the leaders of the Tory party are so bitterly incensed against the member for Paddington that they would be ready to welcome almost any means by which he could be driven forth from their ranks. The bitterness with which he has been assailed in the party press and in those Liberal Unionist organs which, like the *Spectator*, are more Royalist than the king himself, shows how deep is the offence which he has given by his emphatic assertion of his own independence. It is not by the press alone, however, that he has been assailed. The party wire-pullers have been no less bitter and active in striving to compass his undoing, and the usual familiar "demonstrations," by which in a well-drilled party all show of independence is resented, have been witnessed at Birmingham and in Paddington. Conservative meetings which he was to have addressed have been hurriedly postponed; Tory clubs in which he held office have been invited to meet and repudiate his pernicious doctrines; everything has been done to make him feel that he has committed the unpardonable sin, and that in his bold and manly statement of his own views on the subject of Mr. Parnell's treatment by the Government, he has given irremediable offence to his own party. The nearest approach to Lord Randolph's present position which has been witnessed in our time was when Mr. Forster, having left the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone, claimed his right to criticise freely and independently the policy of his own colleagues. At that time Forster was attacked by Mr. Chamberlain, and that section of the Liberal party which still believed in the Birmingham politician, with a malignant bitterness hardly inferior to that which Lord Randolph Churchill is now experiencing. Every kind of petty humiliation and provocation was heaped upon the head of the member for Bradford, and there was clearly a strong desire on the part of many members to drive him from the ranks of their party. How this treatment might eventually have affected Forster's political position we have no means of knowing; but the sterling qualities of the man were so universally recognised, even by those who were most enraged at his outspoken independence, that, unlike Lord Randolph Churchill, he might have taken a leading place in either political party whenever he chose again to

assert himself. Lord Randolph's position is a very different one. If the Tories are anxious to get rid of him at all costs, the Liberals, it is quite certain, are just as anxious to prevent his accession to their ranks. We spoke last week of the dismay which prevailed among the Liberal leaders when the rumour of his intention to cross the floor of the House was first heard. Subsequent reflection has done nothing to make the prospect of his accession to the Liberal ranks more welcome, and it is evident that on the Opposition side of the House no door will be opened for the admission of the member for Paddington.

No man could well be placed in a more unpleasant position; but Lord Randolph has himself, and himself alone, to thank for it. He is paying to-day for the sins of his youth, for the virulence, the insolence, the lack of all decent restraint, which he displayed when he originally made his mark in public life. He may long ago have repented of his errors, but the world cannot readily forget either his brutal jibes at Mr. Gladstone or the manner in which he treated Sir Stafford Northcote. His behaviour to that estimable and distinguished man was a blot upon his career which can never be effaced. It is true that in the worst episodes of that transaction Lord Salisbury himself was his partner, and Lord Salisbury must share the shame of having deserted and betrayed a loyal and worthy colleague. But the Prime Minister was clever enough to shield himself behind his young lieutenant, and in the eyes of the world it is Lord Randolph who is mainly responsible for an incident in our history which no one can remember without shame. Nor is it possible to forget that the deterioration in the tone of public life which all are now united in deploring, has been more largely due to the action of Lord Randolph Churchill than of any other person. We have travelled a long way since the days of the Fourth Party, but for most of the humiliations to which Parliament has since been subjected, and for that distinct loss of public respect which it has suffered, the chief share of responsibility must be laid upon Lord Randolph Churchill and his associates in that party. If therefore his present position is one of intense bitterness, and if his treatment by his political associates is distinctly wanting in generosity, he must still remember that he owes his misfortunes to himself, and that he cannot fairly blame any other man for the dilemma in which he is now placed.

That, with all his defects, he has many excellent qualities no fair-minded man will deny. He has an open and receptive mind; his impulses are often as generous as they are strong; he has wonderful courage; and when he sees the point which he wishes to reach, he makes straight for it, with a frankness which savours of audacity. But, admitting all this, we must still hold that there can be no place for him in the Liberal ranks, and that the Liberal leaders could make no greater mistake than that of allying themselves with a colleague so heavily discredited and so absolutely untrustworthy. What, then, is to be his future? Clearly he must remain in the political fold in which his lot has hitherto been cast, and he and his old colleagues must arrange some *modus vivendi* which will allow them to work together with, at least, an appearance of concord. Unless they can actually drive him out of Parliament, it is worse than useless to pour their anathemas upon his head. They may subject him to social and political ostracism if they like, but he will still remain a power in the House of Commons, will still be able to attract audiences in the country, will still prove himself the most pungent and formidable critic of their policy. Surely it is obviously to their interest that they should try to make some terms with him. Like Frankenstein, they have created a power from whose grasp they will find it difficult to escape. Their wise course is to submit to their misfortune, and to strive to make the best of it.

One possible alternative to Lord Randolph's return to the Ministerial fold, and one only, presents itself. There is another eminent politician in the House of Commons who occupies a position not wholly dissimilar from that of the



member for Paddington. Mr. Chamberlain stands by himself. His old friends and ardent admirers, the Radical wing of the Liberal party, have cast him off for ever; and though we believe that one or two members who sit on the front bench still cling to the belief that some means will be found of restoring Mr. Chamberlain to the service of Liberalism, the almost unanimous feeling of the Liberal party is that no such means exist, and that for the remainder of his public career Mr. Chamberlain must remain outside the Liberal fold. Like Lord Randolph Churchill, he has, therefore, to consider his position, and to decide in what direction he will steer his future course. That he is not loved by the rank and file of the Liberal Unionists may be taken for granted. The fact that the leadership of that curious party has been entrusted, in the absence of Lord Hartington, not to Mr. Chamberlain, but to Sir Henry James, is a sufficient indication of their estimation of the former. In these circumstances, nothing apparently but his open adhesion to Toryism seems to lie before the whilom leader of English Radicalism. He has, however, marked out for himself another course. He dreams of the creation of a National Party, the precise characteristics of which have apparently not yet shaped themselves even in his own mind, but of which, at all events, he will be the leader. If he can form this party, if he can give it any kind of position in the House of Commons or in the country, he will be able to offer his brilliant and erratic companion in misfortune a camp of refuge. But what would the country at large think of a party in which the two most prominent men were Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill? and what, above all, would Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph think of each other? We pause for a reply.

### THE GREAT COAL STRIKE.

THE great dispute in the Coal Trade has happily been settled, but it is impossible to forget that for more than three weeks the country has been within measurable distance of a calamity unparalleled in the history of modern industry. In former years we have had the greatest of English trades completely paralysed during the cotton famine, and the consequent distress artificially maintained in part by the misguided efforts of national charity. We were threatened with the temporary extinction of the South Wales iron trade during nearly five months in 1875, and have known a minor panic combined with a greater rise in price, owing to increased demand and consequent fall of the margin of production, trade disputes, diminished output, and other causes, in the early part of 1873. But we have never had a trade dispute affecting nearly so large an area, comprising almost all the great manufacturing districts of England, and involving directly the action of a quarter of a million of miners and almost two-thirds of our total coal supply. Happily as we write there are indications that the crisis has passed away. The Conference of coal-owners, having met the representatives of the men, on Thursday agreed to a settlement, under which an immediate advance of 5 per cent., and an additional 5 per cent. on August 1st, will be given. But it must take some time before work can be resumed in the manufacturing districts so suddenly deprived of their supply of power, and so likely to be interfered with in recovering it by the congestion of traffic which the renewed demand must necessarily produce. The railways, too—one of which has already begun, through force of circumstances, to detain the coal it was carrying for another—must be seriously hampered by the deficiencies in their own supplies during the return to the normal state of things. Altogether, it must take a considerable time to restore the *status quo* in the Midlands. And though a settlement has now been arrived at, it was endangered by the importation of a certain amount of

feeling into the dispute. The Yorkshire coal-owners—mindful of their reverses of 1888—were the least ready, it would seem, to yield; some of the larger employers elsewhere not unnaturally felt that each fresh concession to the demands of their men reduces them more and more to the position of silent members in that partnership between capital and labour which is explicitly recognised by modern theories of wages, and finds its expression in the sliding scale; and the profits of coal mining, so far as can be judged from the dividends paid in past years by those coal companies whose figures are most accessible, are by no means always an appreciable quantity. A revival of trade, if it is to be accompanied by an increase of wages, cannot be very profitable to a capitalist who is bound by contracts made before the revival, especially if increase of wages means, as is alleged, diminished output, and consequently diminished turnover and profit.

Still the fact remains that, after resisting as long as they dared, the masters, being brought face to face with a catastrophe to our national industry the like of which has never occurred before, wisely determined that they would pocket their dignity, and face the demands of the men. They could hardly have acted otherwise without incurring great public blame; for although there may be much of which we are entitled to complain in the manner in which the leaders of the men have pushed their claim, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that, upon the whole, they had a well-founded claim to advance. The protests of the coal-owners seem, indeed, to have been pitched rather too highly, even according to the declarations of some of their own number. The only member of the West Lancashire Coal-owners' Association who was in favour at their meeting on March 11th of granting the demands of the men—Mr. Herbert Fletcher—pointed out that those demands would be covered by a rise in price of 5d. per ton; and despite the statement that prices were then declining, it can hardly be believed, in the face of improving trade all over the world, that such a decline can be of very long duration. The contention of the men that coal has risen ninety per cent., and their own wages only thirty per cent., certainly seems to the outsider not to be far from the truth. And their readiness to compromise so far as to take five per cent. now and five per cent. in July, when the present contracts will have nearly all run out, certainly deserved to be met, as we are glad to say it has been. By agreeing to defer the second advance for a month—from July to August—they have brought to a close the most dangerous crisis with which the coal trade of this country has ever been threatened. "All's well that ends well"; but it must be admitted that society has just had a desperate fright.

Perhaps the most encouraging feature in this strike is the aspect it bears of a purely business dispute. There are no processions of half-clad men, no picketing, no rioting, no appeals to public sympathy; nor, at least as yet, any effort at public charity. The miners of Lancashire, says one observer, came out as if on a holiday. They were ready even to dispense with strike pay for a time; they hold large, but perfectly peaceful, mass meetings; and have neither accepted nor been offered the aid of outside mediators, or of assistance from any of the various discordant factions of the new Labour Party. On the other hand, their well-wishers will probably be the first to regret that they have declined to resort to arbitration. Mr. Woods, the Secretary of the Miners' Federation, has indeed in some of his speeches—subsequently, it would seem, he has rather modified his position—indicated pretty plainly that he does not accept the offer of the masters to submit their books to examination by accountants, because he does not altogether believe in the genuineness or completeness of the books—nor, even supposing they are genuine and complete, in the sliding scale which may be founded upon them. An impartial arbitrator too, in his opinion, cannot be found, and an arbitrator's decision given

some years ago in South Yorkshire was rejected or evaded by the coal-owners. Still, the sliding scale and similar methods of arrangement would seem to have averted the spread of the present strike to Thorsendale, South Wales, and Staffordshire; while, despite their repeated trial and abandonment in Northumberland, any method must be worth cultivation and development which averts the tedious and wasteful process of a strike. It is to be hoped that the amicable settlement which has now been arrived at, may serve as the basis for some such arrangement—which public opinion will certainly press on the parties concerned. With the gloomy prophecies of commercial decadence and foreign competition with which we have been favoured from some quarters during this week, we need not concern ourselves seriously. "Foreign competition" is certainly not a very serious matter when England produces 160,000,000 tons of coal annually against about 115,000,000 from the whole of the rest of Europe. And any limitation of the source of manufacturing power must necessarily also affect the foreign manufacturer, since the coal produced in his own country is not nearly sufficient for his wants. As Sir William Armstrong remarked as long ago as 1873, any restriction of the output would ultimately be a benefit, by checking the scandalous and useless waste of ordinary consumption.

### CREED REVISION IN SCOTLAND.

A DECISION has just been arrived at by a committee representing the Free Church of Scotland, which appears calculated to divert into the channels of pacific and constitutional "reform from within" certain theological impulses and tendencies, which otherwise may lash themselves into the wasteful fury of heresy-hunting on the one side, and of anti-confessional revolt on the other. This body, which bears the suggestive designation of "The Confession of Faith Revision Committee," has decided, through a sub-committee, to formulate the various objections to the existing Presbyterian Standards which are being urged throughout the Church. When this work is accomplished, its results will be presented to the General Assembly in the form known in Scottish ecclesiastical phraseology as a Declaratory Act. In other words, the Church will be brought face to face with the problem of creed revision. It will be compelled to say what portions of the Westminster Standards it regards respectively as immaterial, erroneous, and of Divine authority. Movements parallel to this within the Free Church are proceeding less noisily in the other leading Presbyterian communions of Scotland. The United Presbyterian Church, the second of the Dissenting Churches in the North, has frequently and emphatically of late declared its right to revise its Confession, and in all probability it will proceed to the actual task of revision, when the more pressing ecclesiastical difficulties involved in Disestablishment and disendowment have been disposed of. Lately, and without much ado, the Assembly of the Established Church "relaxed" the formula of theological belief, which is to be signed by those laymen who hold the office of elder in Scottish Churches. Still more recently, a remarkable statement upon religious tests, signed by a majority of the Professors in the Theological Faculty of Edinburgh University, was presented to the Executive Commission, which is at the present moment setting in order the ancient seats of learning in Scotland. This statement is neither more nor less than an argument for the abolition of religious tests, even in the case of theological professors; and, were it carried to its logical conclusion, the Church of Scotland would become a realisation of Coleridge's dream of a "clerisy"—would, in fact, be transformed into a State-aided institution for the pursuit of free theological research. Such a proposition will, it is safe to say, never be given effect to; but the mere fact that it has been made indicates that the theological ferment in Scotland is not confined to the Dissenting Churches. Finally, the

Conference which has been arranged to take place in 1892 between the American and Scotch Churches, on the subject of the Confession, affords evidence that Presbyterianism generally is profoundly moved upon this question.

Under these circumstances, and with creed revision unmistakably in the air, it is not surprising that many of the more judicially minded of Scotch laymen should be recommending a pause in the war which has been raging for some time over the heresies attributed to two of the leading theological scholars of Scotland, Professor Dods of Edinburgh, and Professor Bruce of Glasgow. It is quite possible that matters have gone too far to allow of any such halt being made. The case of Dr. Dods is so far advanced that a "libel" has been prepared, in which his alleged deflections from the Standards are stated at length. A prosecution by "libel" has not yet been instituted against Professor Bruce, but a self-constituted committee of clergy and laymen in Glasgow has drawn up a statement of his "errors," as well as those of Professor Dods, and, at a recent meeting of the Presbytery to which he is subject, a moiety—numbering fifty in all—declined to censure the extraordinary, if not irregular, action of this committee. Until prosecutions for heresy against the two incriminated teachers have actually been instituted, however, it is possible for pacific counsels to prevail. Both Dr. Dods and Dr. Bruce have openly and vehemently denied that they are rebels against the Confessional Doctrines, more particularly of the Atonement and of Inspiration, their utterances upon which have led to the present agitation. Their opponents have, they aver, "read into" their writings opinions which they do not hold, and never have held. Neither they nor their sympathisers, who are obviously very numerous, and probably constitute a majority of the Free Church, are revolutionary assailants of the Standards. In short, the main points in dispute seem eminently matters to be cleared up by friendly explanation rather than by hostile prosecution. "The truth is," says Mr. Taylor Innes, one of the most influential of Free Church laymen, "that a libel was never intended as an instrument for a church making up its own mind upon disputed and difficult subjects." In other words, it is not for a church, which is itself engaged upon creed revision, to prosecute or expel professors, the worst that can be said against whom is that they have been doing a little revision on their own account. The fact that the Free Church has a committee which will shortly and formally bring before its Assembly the objections that are urged against certain portions of the Confession, commits to revision the very alarmists who are now impugning the opinions of Dr. Dods and Dr. Bruce, and who, it ought to be borne in mind, are far too numerous, earnest, and influential to be vanquished by sneers at "reaction," "obscurantism," and "the Highland Host." They consented to the formation of such a committee for such a purpose. The difference between them and the teachers who are being attacked—at all events these teachers as they are represented by themselves—is one of degree. And surely the degree of creed revision for which a church is ripe is likely to be settled more satisfactorily as well as more calmly by the deliberations of its own representative Assembly than by the trials of alleged heretics either by "libel" or by popular clamour.

In any case, and whether theological reform is to come to the Free Church, and to Presbyterianism in Scotland generally, by a quiet vote of Assembly, or after a fierce struggle ending in another "Ten Years' Conflict" and a secession from the Church of the Disruption, there need be no apprehension that this reform will degenerate into revolution. Even the most panic-stricken of the assailants of Professors Dods and Bruce does not venture to say that they are deliberately seeking to undermine "the fundamentals" of the Presbyterian faith, such as the Divinity of Christ. There is no evidence that Scotland or any considerable body of Scotchmen is about to become Agnostic or even Unitarian. It



would be difficult to find a Robert Elsmere on the other side of the Cheviots; the transformation of any Scottish Church into an organised community of Elsmeres is an impossibility. Nor, in spite of the unhappy division of Scotch Presbyterianism into so many rival sects, is the golden rule of "in things essential, unity," being forgotten, even although "in things unessential, freedom," be as yet a pious aspiration rather than an accomplished fact, and "in all things, charity," be hid from sight by the smoke of polemics. It may be predicted with tolerable confidence that the Presbyterianism of Scotland will be found quite equal to the inevitable and indeed impending duty of modifying and amplifying its creed—while leaving the heart of it untouched—so as to keep itself abreast of the theological thought of the time. And the hope need not be abandoned that this result will be attained without suffering, much less injustice, to individuals.

### THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

THE printed statement and speech with which the Secretary for War has ushered in the Army Estimates for the coming financial year are naturally couched in a tone of gentle optimism. The pill has to be swallowed. Some gilding is evidently necessary, and the practice introduced by Mr. Stanhope of issuing with the Estimates an explanatory memorandum is highly commendable. The arrangement of this year's Estimates shows an improvement, due to the suggestions of the Committee on Estimates Procedure. The votes have been reduced in number; but, although the grouping is decidedly more business-like than that of previous years, there is still room for further reforms in this direction. The Estimates do not by any means show what the total expenditure on military services during the coming year will be. Expenditure is now in full progress under the Defence Act, and the Barracks Estimate actually shows a decrease, due to the immediate prospects of a large loan. Excluding these and other disturbing factors, the net result appears to be that for a total expenditure of more than £20,500,000 the force of all ranks which can now be provided is 153,483 Regulars and Colonial corps (including the permanent staffs of the auxiliary forces), 63,750 Army Reserves, 136,448 Militia, 14,139 Yeomanry, and 218,012 Volunteers. Assuming the total cost to the country of the army reserves and auxiliary forces, including items necessarily involved with other than pay votes, to be £2,000,000, the balance of £18,500,000 is required for the support of 29,839 Regulars in Egypt and the Colonies, 108,503 Regulars at home, 5,230 Colonial troops, and the training of drafts to supply the waste of 72,429 Regulars in India.

The apparent disproportion between expenditure and results is sufficiently startling, and it is difficult to account satisfactorily for the extraordinary difference between the cost of the Continental armies and of our own. Better clothing, greater cost of training, sea transport, have all been suggested as explanations of the discrepancy; but the British army is scarcely better clothed than that of Italy, its training is, at present, far inferior to that of Germany, and the cost of sea transport is relatively a bagatelle. Meanwhile the expenditure steadily advances, the mere "automatic variation" estimated for the next financial year being an increase of almost a quarter of a million, of which the rise of prices of supplies is only credited with £31,000.

The cost of the British army must largely depend upon the objects for which it is maintained and the ideals which our military reformers may select. It is extremely difficult even now to ascertain on what principles, if any, the strength, composition, equipment, and distribution of the army at home is ultimately based. The strength of the force in India has been determined on definite grounds; the garrisons of the coaling stations can also be definitely fixed. We have

thus a certain necessary army abroad which must be maintained in the fullest efficiency, necessitating a certain strength of supply depôts at home. Whether this primary military need of the British Empire can be economically fulfilled by a short-service army is a question which touches the very root of our army expenditure. India and the coaling stations must be held against all probable forms of attack. This is the first demand upon the British army. After this, however, some doubt appeared to exist, which Mr. Stanhope's speech can hardly be said to clear up. "After providing for these garrisons, we have arranged for the remainder of our defence forces, Regular and Auxiliary, to become the lines of defence." There is to be a field army of three Army Corps 110,000 strong, and "a great Volunteer army occupying strong defensive positions as a second line." A few years ago we were to have eight Army Corps, which duly appeared in the Army List, with blanks against all the most essential items. This turned out subsequently, however, to have been merely a grim practical joke, and two Army Corps—one ready for instant embarkation, the other to follow after a period variously estimated—became the ideal of our reformers. Now we are to have "lines of defence," with three Army Corps in the front ranks. But the equipment for a portion of these troops is stated to be stored at Southampton among other places. Clearly, therefore, embarkation is contemplated; the lines of defence are to be broken up for offensive purposes. Here a host of considerations present themselves. What is the scale and nature of their equipment? Troops intended for the Persian Gulf would require to be quite differently provided from those destined for the Caucasus. What is the nature of the stores now accumulated at Southampton? Questions such as these vitally affect the whole organisation of the army and its cost; but no clear answers are forthcoming. If we are providing these Army Corps, equipped on the Continental scale, for European warfare, then assuredly we are flinging away money, and possibly, at the same time, leaving ourselves unprovided against the contingencies most likely to occur. What is the precise nature of the "emergency" which Mr. Stanhope is preparing to meet? To this the long array of figures presented in the Estimates give no clue, though it is the policy which is at the back of these Estimates which must mainly determine their amount.

The most probable demands upon the British Army are considerable reinforcements for India, small reinforcements for certain colonial garrisons, and the rapid preparation of expeditionary forces to strike unexpected blows at the very outset of war against the non-European possessions of possible enemies. For the efficient performance of some such services the army should be primarily organised. The probability of operations *en rase campagne* in Europe is remote indeed: that of being driven to defend the country against an invading army may be set aside altogether, provided that an adequate navy—necessary also on other grounds—is maintained. At the same time, this is of course no argument whatever for neglecting all organisation for home defence and trusting everything to the navy. The great value of the auxiliary forces, apart from their importance as feeders of the regular army in the event of a great war, arises from the fact that their very existence enormously raises the scale of any invading force, and thus places it at the mercy of the navy.

Whether the scheme of mobilisation which has been devised is a real one or not, it is impossible to ascertain. As Mr. Stanhope prudently admits, "it is a paper organisation, and a paper organisation is not entirely to be trusted till you have tested it by practical experiment," which experiment we are unfortunately precluded from trying. "The primary condition of any effective and rapid mobilisation is decentralisation." This is admirable; but decentralisation cannot begin when war breaks out.

Many other doubts, which, however, cannot here be discussed, inevitably present themselves. What touch is really

being kept with the reserve, which forms so large a proportion of the mobilised Army Corps? And why is the pay of the Director-General of Artillery—who appears to be more or less responsible for an annual expenditure of nearly two and a half millions, and whose duties must apparently demand qualifications of the very highest order—precisely the same as that of the Inspector-General of Remounts, who disposes of only £80,000?

Perhaps the most important feature of the existing scheme is the full recognition of the Volunteers as an integral portion of the home army. In endeavouring to increase their efficiency and to create a volunteer field artillery, Mr. Stanhope has shown wise judgment. What the Volunteers most need is a higher standard of tactical training among their officers, and this can only be gained by collecting them in camps, under specially qualified officers of the regular army, of whom, thanks to the long fetish worship of mere drill, there are not at present too many available.

A study of the Estimates suggests many enigmas to which no answer is forthcoming. But the momentous point is the general principle upon which organisation is based. Are we to be prepared to employ a field army on the Continent, or, utilising the command of the sea, to strike—should it be necessary—in other directions? What is the war potentiality of the navy, and what functions should it be enabled to discharge? The two fighting services must be regarded as a whole, and each so adjusted as to meet the requirements which it can best fulfil, *when these requirements have been authoritatively laid down*. In thus going straight to great principles, and in radical and long needed administrative reforms, lies the only hope of the adequate fulfilment of the military needs of the Empire, and the prevention of waste or extravagance.

#### **"BETTERMENT;" OR, PAY FOR WHAT YOU GET.**

A NEW and strange name does not help an old friend. When we hear it, we say "Not at home," or cry with Mr. Punch's navvy, "Eave arf a brick at him." The uncouth phrase "Betterment" frightens many people who would not be alarmed by some well-known words such as "Rate in aid." They suppose that we are introducing some odious novelty from our cousins across the Atlantic, when we are really only applying to the modern wants of English towns a principle as old as taxation; a principle which is borne out by numberless analogies; a principle which approves itself to common sense and to simple ideas of justice. That principle may be very simply stated—"Let those who benefit pay, and let those who benefit most pay most."

When a great landowner lays out an estate for building—when, for instance, the Duke of Devonshire lays out Eastbourne, or Sir J. Goldsmid the west end of Brighton—the first thing he does is to expend a very large sum of money in roads, sewers, and other matters which make houses possible. So large may this expenditure be, that I remember Sir F. Goldsmid, who had the management of his father's Brighton estate, telling me that, valuable as the property had become, he believed his father would have on the whole done better to invest his money in stocks. But large as the expenditure is, the landowner makes it, because when he has made it builders and people who want houses will pay him far more for his land than it was worth before. In other words, he "*better*s" his estate.

Now if, instead of a single estate, we have a number of small plots, held by different owners, and a town authority over the whole, the town authority may do for the whole of them what the Duke of Devonshire does for his estate. It may lay it out for building, and take upon itself all the expenditure necessary for roads, drains, and other purposes of the kind. In such cases, the town authority "*better*s" the plots of the different owners, just as the Duke of Devonshire "*better*ed" his estate; and in such cases, the

town authority may properly insist that each of the owners of these plots shall pay his due share of the "*betterment*." Indeed, it would be most grossly unfair to the rest of the taxpayers of the town if they did not. Now this is, I believe, just what has happened in America, and hence has arisen in that country the special form of local taxation which is now becoming known here under the uncouth name of "*betterment*."

Although this precise form of "*betterment*" may not have been common in England, because our towns have been generally laid out by landowners, instances of the same principle may be multiplied to any extent. When a large extent of fen-country is drained by a body of Commissioners, as in the case of the levels in the East of England, all the landowners within the area are taxed, and are taxed, as far as possible, in proportion to the benefit they receive from the drainage. When a river-valley is to be drained, the principle adopted is to tax the land in the valley in proportion to the benefit it receives. If a new road is to be made through a district, it is paid for by a rate on the inhabitants of that district who are presumed to use the road. If a harbour is deepened and improved, vessels which use the harbour are taxed for the expense; and if a lighthouse is established for the purpose of making a navigable channel more easy and safe, ships which pass through that channel are charged with the cost. The whole local taxation of our towns, and of London in particular, is based upon this principle. Local wants of all kinds are supplied by means of money raised by rates on local property, because the local property is supposed to benefit by the rate. The very difficulties which constantly arise in London are good illustrations of the principle. The questions whether the charge for the poor should be borne by the common fund of the metropolis or by the districts in which they live; the question whether Shaftesbury Avenue ought to be a charge on Southwark and Bermondsey; the question whether the whole of London ought to pay for the Blackwall Tunnel; the questions which arise at every meeting of the London County Council, whether a given improvement is one for which the parish ought to pay or towards which the Council should contribute; the question now agitating the London Council and every other County Council, whether roads are main roads to be paid for by the County, or local roads to be paid for by the district, are all illustrations of the acknowledged principle that those who benefit should pay, and that those who benefit most should pay most.

This principle is really just as applicable to the making of a new street in the midst of an old crowded town as to making new roads in the wilderness; and if we have not always acted upon it, it is because Parliament has regarded the claims of landowners and has disregarded the rights of the taxpayer. It has even granted compensation where it ought to have imposed a tax. The managers of the Crown Estates, for instance, blind to the real interests of the public, were allowed to appropriate, for the private advantage of their own leasehold tenants, land won by the money of the ratepayers of London from the sludge of the River Thames; and those leaseholders were allowed to claim money compensation for what most people would have considered an addition to the amenity of their houses. Wherever many great improvements have been made at the cost of all the ratepayers of London, and wherever the benefit of that improvement has gone in any special and sensible degree to one particular class of ratepayers, or to the owners of any particular properties, *without any special payment in return*, our legislation has to that extent placed upon one set of shoulders burdens that ought to have been borne by another.

Clear as the principle is, there are, no doubt, about this as about other forms of local taxation, considerable difficulties of method and plan. One method would be the rough-and-ready one adopted in some American States—namely, to



assess at once a lump sum representing the improvement of the property, and charge it directly upon the owner. But where properties are small and indivisible, or where, as is the case in London, the interests of occupier, of leaseholder, and of freeholder are various and complicated, this method would be open to serious objection. Another plan would be that adopted in the London County Council Bill of this session, namely, to assess the value of the improvement at once by means of arbitration; to turn this value into the form of a perpetual annuity, and to charge this annuity upon the various interests in the premises in proportions to be determined by an arbitrator. To this plan there is the obvious objection that it is not easy either to assess at once the future permanent value of the improvement, or to say in what proportion the several interests in the property will be benefited by it; and there is the further financial objection that, instead of providing for the payment of the cost of the improvement within a given time, it makes the charge perpetual, and burdens posterity for ever with the cost of an improvement, the benefit of which may have disappeared. A third method might be to value the improvement separately on each quinquennial revaluation of the premises under the Metropolitan Valuation Act, and to charge a separate and a high rate in respect of it; but this method could not be safely or justly adopted without at the same time providing for an equitable division of the rate between occupier and owner. Other methods might no doubt be suggested, and there will be difficulties about them all; but difficulties such as these are apt to disappear when we are satisfied that our principle is right and that we have a sufficient object in view. All taxation, including local taxation, can only be a rough approximation to absolute justice, but this approximation will be the nearer the more we can approach the principle that no compensation shall be given where no injury is inflicted; and that those who reap the largest share of the harvest shall pay the largest share of the cost of producing it. Let each man pay for what he gets. T. H. FARRER.

### A CHANCE FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

REGULARLY as March comes round, the question of the Death Duties comes to life again, with "the flowers that bloom in the spring." But unhappily, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, like March, generally comes in on the question like a lion, and goes out like a lamb.

In 1880, and every year since, the Chancellor has dabbled in Death Duties. But the Chancellor has not yet arisen who has taken the whole question in hand and dealt with it, not like a tinker, but like a statesman. Mr. Childers came nearest to doing so in 1885, but unfortunately he at the same time tampered with that ark of the covenant the Beer Duties, and was beaten. Since then, first Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and then Mr. Goschen have adopted several of Mr. Childers' proposals, and though they have done so in the spirit of tinkers, they have distinctly placed the question in a better condition for being dealt with in the spirit of statesmen.

The present condition of things is clearly and accurately set forth in a little book, one of Mr. Sydney Buxton's well-known hand-books on political problems, which has just appeared, a joint production of Mr. J. G. Barnes and himself. The fearful complexity and want of logic in the system—if so it can be called—of the present Death Duties is very ably shown in this brochure. There are now five (or six) different duties—probate duty, inventory duty (in Scotland), account duty, legacy duty, succession duty, estate duty—and the most frightful muddle as to area, rate, and mode of levy, is caused by the existence of all these different duties. If that were all, a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer might easily build himself an everlasting name and a fair profit by reducing the muddle to simplicity. All

muddles and anomalies in taxation produce injustice as between one individual and another. But the muddles and anomalies of the Death Duties produce the most serious injustice between classes. They are absolutely unequal and inequitable, and the inequality is in favour of the rich and great, and against the poor and lowly. The Death Duties in 1888-9 produced eight millions. Of this sum less than a million came from succession duty. That is to say, while personal property paid seven millions in probate and legacy duties, land under the name of succession duty paid no more than £700,000; for the total amount of succession duty is made up, as to about two-sixths, by personalty in settlement. Land is absolutely free from probate duty, a tax of three per cent. on the capital value of other property. So is settled personalty. But while settled personalty pays succession duty on its capital value, land, whether settled or unsettled, pays only on its annual value after deducting all charges and outgoings; and while the tax on personalty is paid up at once, the owner of land is allowed to spread his payment over four years and a half. A single case, which went to the House of Lords and was twice argued there, will show the injustice to the taxpayers, between individuals and between classes, and loss to revenue involved. As Herodotus might say, a certain brewer went lunatic, and stayed lunatic for years. His share of the profits of the brewery was accumulated and invested in land to the extent of a million pounds' worth. On his death the Crown claimed probate duty on the whole. The case turned on the most refined doctrines of "national conversion," and eventually it was decided, that in the eagle eye of Equity this million's worth of land was not land at all, but money. The heir accordingly had to pay probate duty to the extent of £30,000 instead of £4,000 succession duty, and the money became payable at once, instead of in half-yearly instalments. Had the heir died before all the instalments of succession duty were paid, the State would have lost him; whereas had he died before the probate duty was paid, the State would have taken the whole duty just the same. The injustice between the heir and the neighbouring landowner was bad. But the injustice between the landowning class and the rest of the community is much worse.

Mr. Goschen has already recognised this. In 1888 he added an extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to succession duty; but  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is not 2 per cent., which is about the difference still remaining. Moreover, he gave much more than the  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. back again to the landlords by handing over two millions of probate duty to County Councils. And in 1889, while he imposed the additional estate duty of 1 per cent. on all personal estates above £10,000, he only imposed the estate duty on land if the succession was over £10,000. So while three children dividing £10,000 would pay £100 estate duty, three children dividing land the capital value of which was £15,000 would pay nothing.

Now Mr. Goschen has a large, perhaps a stupendous, surplus. Let him carry out his professions and promises, and while equalising the Death Duties on land and money, abolish the duty on tea. Then he can go to the country as the greatest and most popular Finance Minister since 1860. He knows better than anyone that the objection that land bears all the burden of local rates, and therefore ought not to be equally taxed by Death Duties, is mere cant. For in his salad days he wrote a book, and in that book, a prodigy of ability and industry, published in 1872, he showed that it is not land, but houses, that bear the chief burden of local rates. Since then, Mr. Giffen has shown that houses have increased in number and value so much that lands are nowhere in proportion. And most houses are not real but personal property. Besides, all leasehold houses already pay probate duty. And houses, except the country mansions of the great, are fully assessed for house duty and income tax and local rates and Death Duties, while lands and great mansions, which are freehold, are under-assessed as well as free of probate duty. Besides the land which pays rural rates is the land in the hands of the farmer enriched by his stock. His stock already pays probate duty, while the landlord's land escapes.

It is surprising that Mr. Buxton in his book has not insisted more on this, because herein is the conclusive answer, logically and politically, to the objections to making land pay Death Duty. The interests of the landlord are not identical with those of the householder and the farmer, but in direct conflict with them. The farmer, the trader, the town-resident are already taxed to their uttermost farthing, alike in local rates and probate duty. The landlord escapes. Mr. Goschen is pledged that he shall escape no longer. In making the change he can reduce muddle to order, complexity to simplicity, inequality to equity. Now is his chance; though, for the sake of the political prospects of the Liberal party, we rather hope he will not take it.

### "MR. GLADSTONE'S SUCCESSOR."

HAVING persuaded the editor that it contains a moral, I am allowed to give some extracts from my odd dream. The moral is for use among the hasty persons who have been discussing Mr. Gladstone's successor at a time when he is quite as vigorous as any of his lieutenants. So many articles on this subject have appeared in the monthly reviews alone, that I have bound them into one thick volume. Pondering over the book the other night I fell asleep, and I dreamed that a monthly review for the year 1910 lay open on my knees. The first article was entitled "Mr. Gladstone's Successor," and I subjoin the pith of it:—

"At first sight" (says the writer, after a preliminary paragraph about himself) "it may seem that we are looking too far ahead in discussing Mr. Gladstone's probable successor. Though our political views are as far removed from Mr. Gladstone's as the south pole from the north, we are pleased to know that the right honourable gentleman is at present in robust health. He has quite recovered, the daily press informs us, from the slight attack of cold which lately alarmed his relatives, and at this moment he is devoting his leisure forenoons to a History of the Reformation in Scotland," which will be published in October, simultaneously with his *Reminiscences of My Successors*. Yet, despite Mr. Gladstone's wonderful vigour—his speech on the Bill for trying Lord Randolph again lasted an hour and forty-seven minutes, and is acknowledged to have been one of his finest oratorical displays—it is obvious that he cannot lead the Liberal party much longer. The question therefore arises, Who will succeed him?

"From a remark let drop in the Upper Chamber a few nights ago by Lord Aston (so much better known as Mr. Chamberlain), we gather that in certain circles Mr. H. W. Lawson is looked upon as the next Liberal leader. There is much to recommend this choice, though it is not ours. Mr. Lawson is a comparatively young man, being, we believe, still under fifty years of age, which is young in the Parliamentary meaning of the word. From our point of view (it is needless to say) Mr. Lawson's views are as pernicious as those of Mr. Gladstone himself; but, seeing that some choice must be made from among the Liberal lieutenants, his party might do worse than select him. At the Board of Trade he showed some administrative capacity, and as Home Secretary he has a comparatively good record—stained, we must admit, by his curious misunderstanding with the Chief Commissioner of Police, the full facts regarding which have never been made public. Long before the last Conservative Government brought in its unfortunate Five Hours Bill Mr. Lawson had made the subject his own, and his amendment in favour of Having Several Working Days a week made him popular with the masses. Whether he would be a popular leader is another matter, however. He is not, to our mind, strong enough to quell the dissensions that would undoubtedly arise in the Cabinet were he placed over the heads of his disappointed rivals.

"It is revealing no secret to say that Mr. Arnold Morley and Mr. Asquith will be candidates for the successorship to Mr. Gladstone when the question descends into the arena of practica

politics. The claims of the former are urged in the *Pall Mall Gazette* every Tuesday and Friday, while the *Pall Mall's* nominee on Mondays and Thursdays is Mr. Asquith. Neither gentleman is, to our mind, too old to undertake the heavy office, though both have been in Parliament for some thirty years. So far back as the passing of the Home Rule (Ireland) Bill, Mr. Morley was one of the Liberal Whips, and from their point of view doubtless did his party useful service. Mr. Morley has been a very efficient colonial Minister when compared to some others, and he seems to be a business man of considerable shrewdness. As a speaker he would be but a poor successor to Mr. Gladstone, not so much because he cannot speak as because he is a man of words rather than of deeds. It was Mr. Morley, if we are not mistaken, who, shortly before the passing of the Bill for Reducing the Salaries of Scottish Professors to Two Hundred a Year, proposed (and nearly carried) a motion that only members of the Government and of the front Opposition bench should be allowed to speak for more than five minutes on end, and that when an ordinary member's five minutes were up the Speaker should ring a bell. This motion made the honourable gentleman very unpopular with the members who held that it was a dart levelled against themselves, and doubtless such of them as were Liberals would choose Mr. Asquith as a leader in preference to Mr. Morley. Mr. Asquith, however though at present high in office, has now perhaps the most lucrative practice at the Bar; indeed it is told, on the trustworthy authority of the *Middlemarch Records* London correspondent, that this eminent Q.C. lately got £500 for nodding to his client in court. In such circumstances it is not probable that Mr. Asquith would give up his Bar practice and sink into the obscurity of a Premiership.

"In last month's number of this review, an anonymous writer (whom we take to be Mr. Grant Allen, jun.) had a somewhat severe attack on the Hon. Austen Chamberlain, the respected leader of the Opposition. Mr. Chamberlain treated the article with the scorn it deserved, and we have no intention of fighting the battle of one who can fight so well for himself. But in this article Mr. Munro Ferguson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was mentioned as Mr. Gladstone's certain successor. Despite the air of authority with which this is given, we believe it is decided that Mr. Munro Ferguson will remain at his present post, and that he will not think of adding to its labours. Mr. Birrell headed the plebiscite on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's successor in the new paper *Facts and Fancies*, which purports to contain tomorrow's news; but we understand that he will retain the Lord Chief Justiceship. Other names are discussed at the clubs, but, with one exception, these are the chief. The exception, of course, is Lord Dalmeny. Though a very young man, Lord Dalmeny has reached an age at which we have ere this had at least one capable Premier. While we are writing, Mr. Gladstone is at the residence of Lord Dalmeny's venerable father, and we cannot doubt that the future of the leadership is discussed over the walnuts and the wine. Is Lord Dalmeny the man? We think so."

### SPRING'S HARBINGERS.

IN consequence of a generally expressed astonishment that no description of a Devonshire orchard in March has appeared in the daily papers this year, we feel that the public has a right to know the causes of this unprecedented omission.

As a matter of fact, the responsibility rests with the Society for the Better Regulation of Natural Imagery, and with its accredited representative Mr. James P\*yn, who would appear to have interpreted his powers somewhat widely. Having tracked the four leader-writers of the *Standard*, *Daily News*, *Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post* to the usual orchard within sight of Torbay, and come upon them as they rested after a lunch among the daffodils, he stole away to Brixham, engaged a band of brawny fishermen, and marched back to the orchard at their head. The unfortunate



journalists were rudely dragged from their sound slumbers, bound in chains to trees in remote corners of the enclosure, and supplied with stylographic pens and writing-pads. Mr. P\*yn explained in a short speech that his apparent harshness was not to be attributed to personal dislike, but was simply meant to encourage individuality; and after eating the remains of the luncheon, he lit a pipe, stretched himself on the daffodils, and closed his eyes.

For an hour nothing was to be heard but the hurrying of pens over paper in the four corners of the orchard, and the voice of the *D\*ily T\*legr\*ph's* representative asking the Latin for "narcissus." His voice finally awoke Mr. P\*yn, who begged the four gentlemen to recite what they had written—together if possible.

The *D\*ily T\*legr\*ph* answered that this was impossible until someone told him the Latin for "narcissus," but the others readily complied as follows:—

*Tutti.* "The hush of afternoon has fallen on the orchard, where between grey gnarled trunks you may see the blue waters of the bay, and perhaps a white sail moving in the distance.

A {dappled } thrush has {descended }  
 {speckled } {alighted } } upon a branch close at hand, and  
 {pied } {pitched } }  
 his tentative music—"

Mr. P\*yn asked them if they were quite sure the bird was a thrush.

The *D\*ily T\*legr\*ph* had recognised the bird as a kingfisher, and described it as follows—"a kingfisher, flashing in loops of light, skims over the daffodils that

"Come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of March with beauty."

The indignation of the three others (who, it appeared, had all worked in this quotation later on) became so frenzied, and the strain upon their fetters so severe, that Mr. P\*yn's voice with difficulty restored peace.

"Let us hear some more about the thrush," said he. The *St\*nd\*rd* began—

"He sings his song twice over,  
 Lest you should think he never could recapture  
 His first fine—"

Upon this the *D\*ily N\*ws* young man broke loose from his tree, foaming at the mouth, declaring his name to be Kn\*ght, and his mantle that of Richard Jefferies. Did the *St\*nd\*rd* man mean to rob him of a quotation he had used so often that he might be said to have invented it?

What ensued will never be exactly known. Mr. P\*yn keeps silence about it, and the *D\*ily T\*legr\*ph's* man was discovered in the branches of an apple-tree next morning, a gibbering idiot, demanding the difference between a daffodil and a doxy. No traces have been found of the other two writers, beyond a fragment of Richard Jefferies' mantle hanging on the orchard palings.

But Mr. P\*yn is going to describe a Devonshire orchard in the *T\*mes* for Easter Monday next, and it will begin:—"Going down to Brighton, as soon as the train is out of Victoria we whip up one of the cushions, deal the cards around, and are thoroughly happy, while Jack employs himself with a pen-knife upon the notices that adorn the compartment. . . ."

### A JOHNSONIAN EXHIBITION.

EVERY reader of Boswell must often recall, as he walks down Fleet Street, that Friday evening in July, 1763, when, after a supper at the "Mitre," Johnson took Goldsmith across the way to his house in Bolt Court, leaving the young Scotchman to return to his lodgings alone. "Dr. Goldsmith," writes Boswell, "being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoterick over an exoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity, 'I go to Miss Williams.' I confess, I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he

seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction." Just a month later, a day or two before he set out for Holland, he became "a privileged man, and was carried by Johnson in the evening to drink tea with her. In my first elation at being allowed the privilege of attending him at his late visits to this lady, which was like being *secretioribus consiliis*, I willingly drank cup after cup, as if it had been the Heliconian spring. But as the charm of novelty went off I grew more fastidious; and besides, I discovered that she was of a peevish temper." All these old scenes were suddenly brought back to our memory the other day as we were shown four silver spoons which had belonged to blind Miss Williams. With these during thirty years Johnson had stirred countless cups of tea—cups almost like the sand of the sea-shore for multitude. These spoons Goldsmith and Boswell had used with pride; these Reynolds doubtless had often handled, and many a famous man besides. There they were, stamped with W. and 1783, the year of her death. Johnson's huge tea-pot is kept at Pembroke College, Oxford. His saucer is in the Museum in Lichfield; his cups doubtless are preserved somewhere or other. We should like to see them brought together; still more should we like just for once to use them in drinking "the infusion of that fascinating plant, with which he amused the evening, solaced the midnight, and welcomed the morning."

An excellent opportunity is afforded for the assemblage, not only of these, but of other Johnsonian relics, in an exhibition which is to be held in Westminster Town Hall on May 7th and 8th, on behalf of a school in which both he and Miss Williams took great interest. Though Johnsonian questions have long engaged our attention, yet we confess that it was only a few days ago that we became aware that this institution still exists. It not only exists, but it flourishes. In informing Bennet Langton of Miss Williams's death, Johnson wrote:—"She left her little substance to a Charity School. She is, I hope, where there is neither darkness, nor want, nor sorrow." It was to the Ladies' Charity School, in the parish of St. Sepulchre, that her property was left. A few weeks before her death she had given it £200; the remainder, amounting to £157, she left in her will. The larger part of her money she owed to Garrick, who had given her a benefit at Drury Lane Theatre. For this benefit Dr. James, Johnson's old schoolfellow, had taken three box-tickets and then refused to pay for them. "It is a strange fellow," wrote Johnson, apparently calling him "it" as if he and his famous powder were one and the same thing. The four silver tea-spoons were part of the bequest. There is also a curious pair of sugar-tongs which had belonged to her, for of her it could not be said, as Johnson said of Lady Macdonald in Skye—"The lady had not the common decencies of her tea-table; we picked up our sugar with our fingers." Her portrait, too, has been preserved, showing a woman of a strong but not very amiable character. It is possibly the work of Miss Reynolds. It has, we believe, never been engraved. If it were photographed, we doubt not that Johnsonians would each eagerly seek a copy of the likeness of one whose name is almost as familiar to them as her face was to Johnson.

In this school another of Johnson's old friends took a warm interest—Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a tallow-chandler on Snow Hill; "not in the learned way," as his black servant described her, "but a worthy good woman." She had, however, learning, or a love of learning, enough to lead her to subscribe to the edition of Swift's Works in seventeen volumes: a glorious example in these latter days—when people subscribe, not to books, but to Circulating Libraries—for all tallow-chandlers' wives and others to follow. Books Johnson certainly thought that she could use, for he left her in his will one out of his library "at her election." Among her friends she boasted of Mrs. Masters the poetess, whose poems, we fear, like good Mrs. Gardiner's candles, have long gone out. By Johnson's intervention Dr. Shipley, "the knowing and conversible" Bishop of St. Asaph, was induced to preach a sermon for the charity. The Rev. Mr. Harrison preached in the afternoon of the same day, and, as the old account-books show, at the two

collections more than £38 was received. Johnson himself subscribed to the school from the year 1777 till his death. His last subscription of one guinea was paid by his executors. On March 12, 1783, it is recorded in the minutes:—"Dr. Johnson, having turn, presents Mary Ann Austin, daughter of Charles and Amey Austin, living at the top of Goswell Street, at one Mr. Mason's, near the prison bar." Six silver tea-spoons, in addition to Miss Williams's four, are in the possession of the charity; these, by tradition, are known as having belonged to Johnson. They are stamped 1785, as hers are stamped 1783. It is a curious fact that they were made, as the hall-mark shows, in the year of her death. It is very probable, therefore, that during her lifetime he always used her tea-spoons, and did not buy any for himself till hers had gone to the institution. His plate was left in trust to his executors for his black servant, who was his heir. We may assume that they were bought by someone interested in the charity school, and presented to it shortly after his death. In these old minutes we discover also that Mrs. Thrale was both a subscriber and a manager, so that the school has many Johnsonian associations. It is stated by Boswell that it afforded a hint for the two *Idlers* (Numbers 26 and 29) where Johnson, under the signature of Betty Broom, describes the fortunes of a servant-girl educated at such a school. At the end of her career, her last mistress dies, and leaves her five hundred pounds. "With this fortune," Betty writes, "I am going to settle in my native parish, where I resolve to spend some hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write." No man was more eager for popular education than Johnson. "Though it should be granted," he wrote, "that those who are *born to poverty and drudgery* should not be *deprived by an improper education of the opiate of ignorance*, even this concession will not be of much use to direct our practice, unless it be determined who are those that are *born to poverty*. To entail irreversible poverty upon generation after generation, only because the ancestor happened to be poor, is in itself cruel, if not unjust."

In the minutes of the school the Cock Lane Ghost and Mrs. Rogers, the mistress, thus strangely meet together:—"Red Lion Court, February 9th, 1763.—A letter was received this day from some unknown subscribers, complaining of Mrs. Rogers' credulity with regard to the Cock Lane Ghost, and her declaring publicly her firm belief therein before the children, and punishing such as declared their unbelief of Fanny's ghost; they therefore thought her an unqualified person to educate young girls who were designed for servants. All present agreed that the complaint was just, and was [*sic*] obliged to those who wrote the letter. Mrs. Rogers was acquainted with the affair; she could not deny the fact, for she continued to believe in Fanny's apparition, but promised for the future to keep her faith in this article to herself, nor suffer any discourse whatever on this subject in the school from this time." Since the days when Eton boys were flogged, as Evelyn tells us, for refusing to smoke tobacco as a safeguard against the plague, we doubt whether children had been more superstitiously punished than these sensible little maids. Both in Eton and the Ladies' Charity School they were, no doubt, taught in their catechism "to submit themselves to all their teachers;" but at tobacco and ghosts the line might be fairly drawn where rebellion became justifiable. The Society for Psychological Research will henceforth, we expect, drink to the pious and immortal memory of the ill-used Mrs. Rogers, coupled with the name of the Cock Lane Ghost. We learn with the regret of an antiquary that an old instrument of punishment, which an aged subscriber remembers to have seen hanging up on the wall, has long disappeared. It was a wooden ruff, which opened on a hinge, and was put round a girl's neck as a mark of disgrace. If this did not produce a proper feeling of shame, she was next made to wear a black dress. Let us hope, as friends of liberty, that in some sudden outbreak the ruff was burnt and the black dress torn to rags.

The managers of this school—which, since its foundation in 1702, has done excellent work in training young girls for domestic

servants—eager to increase its usefulness, intend, as we have said, to open an exhibition of Johnsonian relics early in May. The number of these is already known to be very great, but there are doubtless numerous objects which, like Miss Williams's tea-spoons and portrait, have hitherto remained in obscurity. We trust that collectors will open their treasures for the two days in which these curiosities will be exhibited, and will at their convenience communicate with the honorary secretary of the Ladies' Charity School at the Institution in Powis Gardens, Notting Hill. When the exhibition is opened ardent Johnsonians no doubt will be allowed, for a consideration, to stir their tea with one of the silver spoons which the great Rambler himself had so often used.

### THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE display at the Royal Institute presents the inequalities which belong almost of necessity to an open exhibition. A large public is catered for with generous tolerance; and tolerance is extended to the practitioners of Art. Not that we would be understood for one moment to imply that work of the highest class is absent. On the contrary, it is present, and in abundance. But in an open exhibition the immature outsider must necessarily take his place beside the infirm member. Now, of our two Water Colour Societies, the elder one has only the infirm member to provide for; and this is distinctly a convenience. Yet the plan of the younger body is, on the whole, the more to be commended. The Institute assumes the greater burden; and how—unless someone should assume it—would there be an opportunity for the extension and the development of Water Colour Art?

On the whole, too, a more modern tone—in some respects a benefit, in some respects a loss—characterises the Institute. In Sir James Linton, Mr. E. J. Gregory, and Mr. Charles Green, it has finer figure-painters than we may meet at the old Society, where, among the real props, the active supporters, of the body, Mr. Henshall is probably the only figure draughtsman of the first order. Here the Institute Benefits. But in the matter of Landscape, though it has much that is accomplished, it does not—by reason of its very tolerance—represent the English tradition quite as steadily as does its elder sister. Landscape of style and vigour it unquestionably has, but not perhaps very much of the landscape of imagination. We have for years been accustomed to consider that the Institute's leaders of landscape painting are Mr. Hine and Mr. Thomas Collier. Theirs is a most sterling and admirable art, and we doubt if the large public has ever fully felt its excellence. For, though exercising, for their own sakes, an occasional range in the choice of theme, both Mr. Hine and Mr. Collier, as far as the great public recognise them, are somewhat limited. Mr. Hine paints a great sweep of the chalk downs, generally in serene weather; Mr. Collier an acre of moorland, backed by a world of sky. This spring he sends nothing. He is engaged, they say, in painting in oil. And Mr. Hine—a veteran—contributes, prominently, just the familiar visions of the Sussex hill-sides. These—and "Fittleworth Common" (No. 317) is the largest of them—are not epoch-making pictures. They have dignity, style, amenity even, but obviously nothing novel. Mr. Keeley Halswelle, in "St. Albans" and "Royal Windsor," may by some be found more interesting. We cannot ourselves think him so. Mr. Frank Walton is always neat, and "Carradale Bay" (No. 24) is very pleasantly spick-and-span. Of the younger men—some of whom are accustomed to merely echo the French, to paint here, as elsewhere, the light of an English shire with the greys and greens of Picardy—we do not speak. English, at all events, are Mr. Wimperis, Mr. James Orrock, and Mr. Weedon. Of these three, Mr. Wimperis is the most dramatic. A vivid interest can scarcely be denied to such a vigorous portrayal of roughish weather as he gives us in his "Hay Field" (No. 439).



It is built on the foundations of David Cox. Mr. Grace and Mr. Aumonier—like Mr. Hine—paint Sussex, and they depict it with patience and with placid charm. The forces of Nature assert themselves again—and boisterously—in the marine subjects of Mr. Edwin Hayes, whose "Dover Roads" (No. 136), although in purity of colour not quite equal perhaps to his admirable sketches in oil, is yet, undoubtedly, a sea piece of the first order. Mr. Fulleylove—perhaps the most masterly architectural draughtsman of our day—makes himself noticeable in the present exhibition rather by the abundance of his smaller work than by peculiar excellence in any one example of it. Mr. Edwin Bale, who, when he paints landscape, paints with curious distinction and refinement, records in his chief contribution the placid sunshine on a hill-side above Florence.

Once or twice the President has attracted popular interest to his work by composing a graceful group to convey a definite story. But this year he shows only single figure-pieces, the best of which, to our minds, is that which is confessedly a portrait. It represents "Miss Ashbee." (No. 16.) The lady is a good-looking brunette, to whose flesh-tints justice has been done. The character has not been forgotten; but for the artistic person the especial interest of the picture lies in that exercise in colour which Sir James has set himself, in what is for him an unusually simple costume. The dress is of greyish rose-colour; the lady wears tan *gants de Suède*, and carries a fan with just a touch of black in it, and neither the Japanese on the one hand, nor Terburg and Metsu on the other, could have conceived a colour-scheme with more ingenuity, or wrought it out with greater subtlety.

If Sir James Linton recalls these magicians of the East and these great Dutchmen, Mr. E. J. Gregory, by a precision, a decisiveness, an intricacy of manipulation quite unmatched, recalls Meissonier. He has two little drawings, both of them a profound disappointment to those who would demand that he should be occupied with story, and both of them an unfailing delight to those who take pleasure in technical mastery. One is a girl with a guitar (No. 302), the other a not unreasonably self-satisfied young woman, existing beautifully in a white gown. (No. 322.) Mr. Gregory has never carried execution further. Everything is here—except drama and except soul. He has not pretended to be novelist or poet. He has solved a painter's problem. And the little drawings live by grace of line, by truth of dainty texture, by charm of colour, and by brilliance of light. Mr. Charles Green understands his art differently. He is not above being, when it suits him, that now much-despised person the "illustrator"—a person suffering under the scorn of the merely French-taught or merely Japanese-taught student, because he does not consider his art isolated, and comprehends that the fortunes of humanity, even as those fortunes are set forth by humanity's literary chroniclers, may conceivably concern him. Mr. Green, when he illustrates, generally asks from us a thorough knowledge of Dickens. His own knowledge is profound. Here it is displayed in a record of the meeting of the Pickwick Club. (No. 435.) Mr. Pickwick, mounted on a chair, lifts up his voice, waves his hand with an orator's measured grace, and displays his innocent learning. By him is Mr. Snodgrass, sitting in feeble reverie, and with the assumed modesty of the blushing poetaster. Mr. Tracy Tupman is not far off, and the member who took exception to Mr. Pickwick's remarks, is looking black, in a corner. Dickens's characters could not be more perfectly entered into; yet Mr. Charles Green is fortunately quite incapable of seeking, in successful and witty caricature, excuse for the neglect of the picturesque elements in his design. He takes us back not only to the scene of Dickens's imagination, but to the real London—the quaintly attractive London, too—of 1830. A large drawing by Mr. Dadd may reveal possibly a stronger dramatic faculty than Mr. Green lays claim to, or cares to exercise; but it is, at the same time, the habit of his art to indulge in a caricature more obvious, in a humour less subtle. Mr. Hugh Carter has for several years contributed to the Royal Institute drawings plainly suggested by the practice of Josef

Israels, and what he sends to the present show displays neither advance nor retrogression in *technique*. His point of view remains unchanged: the world he depicts is grey and plaintive, and the song he sings is in a minor key. Mr. Langley, although sufficiently strong technically, becomes a little wearisome by the unimaginative presentation of the familiar model.

Among the work of less known men, it is not unfair perhaps to direct attention to the contributions of Mr. Grierson and Mr. W. W. Collins; for in each invention has a part, and in each a manipulation sufficiently skilled affords the artist opportunity to do justice to his thought. Mr. Grierson's drawing (No. 678) records, after the fashion of Renoir and Degas—two of the earlier and more gifted of the French Impressionists—the efforts of a little daughter of the people to become graceful in a dance for the pantomime. This, without caricature on the one hand, or any mawkish sentimentality on the other, is a vivid page torn freshly from the book of the life of the poor in London. In its attained realism there is proof enough of imagination; without dramatic sympathy the chronicle would have been less complete and less veracious. As for the drawing by Mr. Collins (No. 559), it represents a Druidical sacrifice. The figures of the priests, in their long sweeping robes, have at once dignity and impulse, and there is movement and eagerness in the crowd.

### A GIRL AND A BOY.

O, THE swallow lit down from the thatch  
On the willow, and swayed there!  
Is it blame if the rind bear a scratch  
That her springing foot made there?  
For the call of the main was a fire in her brain;  
But the withy was flayed, and the agony stayed there.  
Judge now the branch and its right,  
When the farmer has bent it  
To a snare and the bird is held tight.  
Shall he pardon, resent it—  
His wound and her speck,—when he circles her neck?  
Shall the willow relent, or the swallow repent it?

IT was a stifling August afternoon. Not a breath of wind came over the downs, and the sky was just a great flaming oven inverted over them. I sat down under a dusty gorse-bush (no tree could be seen) beside the high-road, and tugging off a boot, searched for a prickle that somehow had got into it. Then, finding myself too hot to pull the boot on again, I turned out some crumbs of tobacco from a waistcoat pocket, lit my pipe, and unbuckled my pack.

I "travel" in Tracts, edifying magazines, and books on the Holy Land; but in Tracts especially. As Watteau painted the ladies and cavaliers of Versailles so admirably, because he despised them, so I will sell a Tract against any man alive. Also, if there be one kind of Tract that I loathe more than another, it is the Pink Tract. Paper of that colour is sacred to the Loves—to stolen kisses and assignations—and to see it with a comminatory text tacked on at the foot of the page turns my stomach. I have served in my time many different masters, and mistresses; and it still pleases me, after quitting their service, to recognise the distinction between their dues. So it must have been the heat that made me select a Pink Tract. I leant back with my head in the shadow to digest its crude absurdity.

It was entitled, "*How infernally Hot!*" I doubt not the words were put in the mouth of some sinner, and the moral dwelt on their literal significance. But half-way down the first page sleep must have descended on me; and I woke up to the sound of light footsteps.

*Pit-a-pat—pit-a-pat—pit-a-pat.* I lifted my head.

Two small children were coming along the road towards me, hand-in-hand, through the heat—a boy and a girl; who, drawing near and spying my long legs sprawling out into the dust, came to a stand, finger in mouth.

"Hullo, my dears!" I called out, "what are you doing out in this weather?"

The children stared at one another, and were silent. The little girl was about eight years old, wore a smart pink frock and sash, a big pink sun-bonnet; and carried an apple, with a piece bitten out. She seemed a small lady; whereas the boy wore corduroys and a battered straw hat, and was a clod. Both children were exceedingly dusty and hot in the cheeks.

Finally, the girl disengaged her hand and stepped forward—

"If you please, sir, are you a clergyman?"

Now this confused me a good deal; for, to tell the truth, I had worn a white tie in my younger days before. . . So I sat up and asked why she wished to know.

"Because we want to be married."

I drew a long breath, looked from her to the boy, and asked—

"Is that so?"

"She's wishful," answered he, nodding sulkily.

"Oho!" I thought; "Adam and Eve and the apple, complete."

"Do you love each other?" I asked.

"I adore Billy," cried the little maid; "he's the stable-boy at the 'Wool-pack' in Bleakirk—"

"So I am beginning to smell," I put in.

"—and we put up there last night—father and I. We travel in a chaise. And this morning in the stable I saw Billy for the first time, and to see him is to love. He is far below me in station, —ain't you, Billy dear? But he rides beautifully, and is ever so strong, and not so badly ed—educated as you would fancy: he can say all his 'five-times.' And he worships me,—don't you, Billy?"

"Washups," said Billy, stolidly.

"Do you mean to tell me you have trotted in this sun all the way from Bleakirk?" I inquired.

The girl nodded. She was a splendid child—dark-haired, proud of chin, and thoroughbred down to her very toes. And the looks of fondness she threw at that stable-urchin were as good as a play.

"And what will you do," I asked, "when you are married?"

"Go home and ask my father's forgiveness. He is proud; but very, very kind."

I told them I was a clergyman, and began to cast round in my mind what to do next; for the marriage service of the Church isn't exactly the thing to repeat to two babes, and the girl was quick enough to detect and resent any attempt at fooling. So at last I persuaded them to sit together under the gorse-bush, and told them that matrimony was a serious matter, and that a long exhortation was necessary. They settled themselves to listen.

Having been twice married, I did not lack materials for a discourse. Indeed, when I talk of married life, it is a familiar experience with me to be carried away by my subject. Nor was I altogether surprised, on looking up after half an hour's oratory, to find the little ones in each other's arms, curled up, fast asleep.

So I spread my coat over them, and next (because the fancy took me, and not a breath of air was stirring) I treated them much as the robins treated the Babes in the Wood, strewing all my Tracts, pink and white, over them, till all but their faces was covered. And then I set off for the "Woolpack" at Bleakirk.

One spring morning, ten years later, I was standing outside the "Woolpack," drinking my mug of beer with a tall recruiting sergeant, and discussing the similarity of our professions, when a post-chaise appeared at the head of the street, and a bobbing red postillion's jacket, and a pair of greys that came down the hill with a rattle, and drew up at the inn-door.

A young lady and a young gentleman sat in the chaise, and the first glance told they were newly married. They sat in the chaise, and held each other by the hand, while the horses were

changing. And because I had a bundle of tracts that fitted their condition, and because the newly married often pay for a thing beyond its worth, I approached the chaise-door.

The fresh horses were in as I began my apologies; and the post-boy was settling himself in the saddle. Judge of my astonishment when he suddenly leant back, cut me sharply across the calves with his long whip, and before I could yell had started his horses up the opposite hill at a gallop. The hind wheel missed my toes by an inch. In three minutes the carriage and red coat were but a speck on the road that led up to the downs.

I returned to my mug, emptied it moodily, broke a fine repartee on the sergeant's dull head (he was consumed with mirth), and followed the same road at a slow pace; for my business took me along it.

I was on the downs, and had walked, perhaps, six miles, when again I saw the red speck ahead of me. It was the post-boy—a post-boy returning on foot, of all miracles! He came straight up to meet me, and then stood in the road, barring my path, and tapping his riding-boot with the butt of his whip—a handsome young fellow, well proportioned and well set up.

"I want you," he said, "to walk back with me to Bleakirk."

"Upon my word!" I cried out. "Considering that Bleakirk is six miles away, that I am walking in the other direction, and that, two hours back, you gave me a cursed cut over the legs with that whip, I fancy I see myself obliging you!"

He regarded me moodily for about a minute; but did not shift his position.

"Why are you on foot?" I asked.

"Oh, my God!" he cried out quickly, as a man might that was stabbed; "I couldn't trust myself to ride; I *couldn't*." He shuddered, and put a hand over his eyes. "Look here," he said, "you *must* walk home with me, or at least see me past the Chalk-pit."

Now the Chalk-pit, when spelt with a capital, is an especially deep and ugly one on the very edge of the Bleakirk road, about two miles out of the town. A weak fence only separates its lip from the macadam. It is a nasty place to pass by night with a carriage; but here it was broad day, and the fellow was walking. So I didn't take him at all.

"Listen to me," he went on in a dull voice; "do you remember sitting beside this road, close on ten years back? And a boy and girl who came along this road together and asked you to marry them?"

"Bless my soul! Were you that boy?"

He nodded. "Yes: and the young lady in the chaise to-day was that girl. Old man, I know you reckon yourself clever,—I've heard you talk: but that I've worshipped that young lady's image for ten years, is a thing that passes your understanding, perhaps. Also that when I met her to-day, three hours married, and she didn't know me, I had a hell in my heart as I drove past the Chalk-pit, may seem a bit strange. They were laughing together, mark you, and yet they weren't a hair's breadth from death. And by—"(he swore a horribly natural oath) "you must help me past that pit."

"Young man," I said, musing, "when first I met you, you were ten years old, and I thought you a fool. To-day you have grown into a doubly-distilled ass. But you are dangerous, and therefore I respect you, and will see you home."

I turned back with him. When we came to the Chalk-pit, I kept him on the farther side of the road, though it cost me some terror to walk between him and the edge; for I have too much imagination to be a thoroughly brave man.

The sun was sinking as we walked down to Bleakirk; and the recruiting sergeant sat asleep outside the "Woolpack," with his head on the window-sill. I woke him up; and within half an-hour my post-boy wore a bunch of ribbons on his cap—red, white, and blue.

I believe he has seen some fighting since then; and has risen in the ranks.

Q.



## INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

THE House of Commons discussed last Friday what should be the length of the session, and what the period of the year in which Parliament should sit. Sir G. Trevelyan moved a resolution declaring against sitting in the later summer or in the early autumn, and supported it with a speech distinguished at once by its literary charm and by its sympathetic appreciation of the delights of country life. Instead of weltering in London during July and August, the member for Bridgeton would have members cultivating "green thoughts in a green shade," or wandering among the hills or lounging by the seaside. He wants the House to rise in the early part of July, and if it cannot finish its business by that time, to sit in November and December. Mr. Marjoribanks opposed the proposal on grounds in which sport and politics were curiously mingled. He thought that Ministers needed a long recess to prepare their measures, and, being himself a hard rider to hounds, he naturally attached more importance to the sporting objection than Sir G. Trevelyan. The debate made it clear that there was a general desire for some change, though there was by no means the same unanimity as to what the change should be. The Government saw that it would be unwise to meet the proposal with a blank resistance, and Mr. Smith offered a Select Committee to consider the subject. The reformers were determined, however, to take the sense of the House, and Sir G. Trevelyan's proposal was only defeated by a majority of four. In the circumstances this was a victory, and it foreshadows some change in the present system.

The experience of recent years proves that Parliament requires a period of close upon seven months to transact its business. If, therefore, its members are to enjoy the pleasures of country life from the latter part of July till the end of September, this result must be brought about in one of two ways. If Parliament meets as now in the first or second week of February, then it must rise in the middle of July, as Sir G. Trevelyan proposed, and meet again for six weeks in November and December. The same result may, however, be reached in another way. If Parliament met in the first week of January—as it did in 1881—it could sit for nearly seven months, and rise at the end of July. This would give members the whole of August and September for the country, the sea-side, or the Continent.

On Monday night the Government made rapid and unexpected progress with the naval estimates. Lord George Hamilton had issued a long memorandum explanatory of the naval policy of the Admiralty, and he did not think it necessary to make a speech. His example seems to have produced a wholesome effect, for though some members spoke, they were exceedingly brief. The only speech worthy of note was Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's. He pointed out that between the estimates and the Naval Defence Bill, Government were spending £18,780,000 this year on the navy estimates, which was five millions more than the average of previous years. To the criticisms of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and others, Lord G. Hamilton made a very perfunctory reply; and the votes for the men and their money were agreed to after the shortest discussion on recent record. This did not finish the good luck of the Government. Fourteen votes were passed before the close of the sitting, and over eight millions of money voted. It was wickedly suggested that the progress of the business was due to the absence of the Irish members, who were engaged in celebrating the feast of St. Patrick.

The Government sustained another damaging defeat on Tuesday on the subject of rights of way in Scotland. Mr. Buchanan moved a resolution declaring that the duty of maintaining and protecting rights of way in Scotland should be entrusted to the County Council. The Scotch members were overwhelmingly in favour of the proposal. The Liberal Unionists from Scotland knew that their seats would be absolutely hopeless if they voted against a motion of this kind, and they urged the Government to accept it. The only member who said a word in opposition to it was Mr. Mark Stewart—the dullest and narrowest

even of the Scotch Conservatives. Mr. Chamberlain appealed to the Government to do something, but the Lord Advocate could only offer a vague and conditional promise, which was wholly unsatisfactory to the Scotch members. On a division the motion was carried by a majority of 13; the numbers being 110 to 97. The defeat of the Ministry was due to the defection of the Liberal Unionists, who were afraid on this question to vote against popular rights. The Government have within a week sustained two considerable defeats; and though neither is very serious, they tend to shake the authority and stability of the Ministry.

The hostility of the Tory majority in Parliament to the London County Council came strongly out in the discussion on the London County Council Bill. Mr. Kelly attacked the Council as Radical and revolutionary, and the hostility of Mr. Ritchie took the less open but more effective form of asking the House to reject several of the most important clauses in the Bill. It is clear that the London County Council need look for no great enlargement of its powers as long as the present majority are in power.

A marked degree of weariness has fallen on the House of Commons. On Tuesday, the House was counted-out from the sheer indifference of members to the other business; and on Wednesday, the Speaker had to wait more than an hour before a House was made. These things are not due to the indifference of members to the work of legislation, but to their consciousness that the energies of the present Parliament are exhausted. Its vital powers are ebbing away, and, though its existence may be prolonged for another year or two, it will do no more effective work. It has already done its best, or worst, so far as the Statute-book is concerned; and it exists now to keep in Lord Salisbury and to keep out Mr. Gladstone. On Thursday, Ministers got their vote on account of the Civil Service estimates, and there was a long Irish debate, in which Mr. Balfour was handled severely by Sir William Harcourt, and took his punishment badly.

## ITALY AND HER AFRICAN POLICY.

ROME, March 10th, 1890.

THE African question, which had come before the Italian House the previous day, was disposed of on the 6th of March. Signor Crispi asked for a vote of confidence. Of a total of 508 members, 263 were present. Of these, 193 voted for Signor Crispi, 55 against him, and 5 *astenuiti*, as we say—that is, did not vote. So apparently he has had a great victory. But perhaps the victory is not so great as it appears to be, because 50 members left the House before the vote was taken, in order not to compromise themselves; and of the 193 who voted for Signor Crispi, many would have voted against him if it had not been so near the time of the general elections.

I will explain the situation to you as briefly as I can.

Signor Crispi has presented two blue-books to the House, one very small, the other very large. The gist of the first is that Signor Crispi has pressed our Minister of War since the beginning of last year for the occupation of Keren and Asmara. And even in February he did so, although at this time Negus Giovanni had overpowered the King of Goggiam, was negotiating peace with King Menelik, and the Dervishes were not as yet advancing dangerously against him. The Minister of War did not consent for many good reasons, the best being that there was no money. In March the Negus died, in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Mettemah, which was won by the Dervishes. Only then did the Minister of War consent to the two occupations, which now became very easy as we had no enemy left, and the cost was consequently greatly reduced.

All the correspondence between the two Ministers has been published. This may appear very strange; but Signor Crispi's aim in so doing has been to show off his spirit of daring enterprise, in contrast with the hesitating prudence of the Minister of War. He has not succeeded, because the prudence of the Minister of War

is much more approved by the House and the country than the boldness of Signor Crispi.

The second blue-book (*Libro Verde*, as we call it) contains a very long history, in despatches, of the long-standing inclination of Italy towards Abyssinia. It contains no less than 427 despatches, in 440 pages (in quarto). It begins with a letter, written by Christophero Negri, a clever man, who was an official in the Foreign Office under Count Cavour. This letter was written on January 15th, 1857, to Monsignor Massaia, a celebrated missionary, who lived many years in Abyssinia. He died last year, a cardinal, in Italy. In this letter, Signor Negri asks Monsignor Massaia, in the name of the Count Cavour, for information, in order to negotiate a treaty of commerce with the most powerful prince of Abyssinia, whoever he may have been.

This most expensive publication can have had but one aim—that Signor Crispi should appear to be continuing and completing splendidly the policy of Count Cavour. However, in this aim he has entirely failed, because the publication itself shows that the Count would never have entangled himself in the internal feuds of Abyssinia as Signor Crispi has done.

I will not inflict on you an analysis of all these despatches; all the more because they do not give the actual situation of affairs. The last treaty with the Ambassador of Menelik is wanting. Signor Crispi says that he cannot publish it before it is ratified. This has not yet been done, so that we have only the treaty of May 2nd, 1889, which was negotiated before the death of Negus Giovanni, by the Count Antonelli, in the name of the King of Italy, and by King Menelik, but signed afterwards. The third article is the most important in this treaty, because it defines the limits of the territories of the two contracting Powers. King Menelik did not accept the boundary demanded by the Italian Government carelessly or without observation. The poor King did not exactly know where the places were of which the Italian negotiator spoke. So that as each place was mentioned, he asked, "Where is it?" and if they answered, "On the border of the table-land," the King would say, "That is all right," because he did not wish to allow the Italians to pass this border. With such a clear understanding, we have got this frontier fixed. Starting from the region of Arafau, the villages Halai, Saganeiti, and Asmara will be in the Italian territory. And on the side of the Bogus, Adi Nefus and Adi Joannes will be also in the Italian territory. From Adi Joannes, a straight line carried along from east to west will mark the Italian-Ethiopic frontier. Still all this does not make it sufficiently defined. So two Italian and two Ethiopic delegates will settle it. They will have plenty to quarrel about.

In any case we are already in possession of the territory beyond the old frontier of Abyssinia, which the treaty assigned to us. The Government says that the occupation of Keren (for which we have no need of a treaty with King Menelik) and of Asmara was necessary to the defence and economical utilisation of our former possessions in the plain. It has also said that there is no necessity for advancing any further. But some members have spoken of Mareb as our necessary frontier, and Signor Crispi has ominously repeated the name. Mareb is very far from Asmara. If I mistake not, we are beginning to see in our colonial history what you have seen in yours. One knows where one begins, but has no idea where one will end.

The two points of discussion before the House were these:—1st. Has Signor Crispi acted legally in going so far—that is, in treating with King Menelik, and in organising the acquired territories—without laws and the intervention of Parliament? 2nd. What are we to do with these acquired territories?

To the first question, Signor Crispi answered with a constitutional theory which was not to the taste of the House. He said that there can be in a free State countries which have constitutional privileges and countries which have none, and that the colonies are countries of this second kind. So Ministerial power can do in the colonies as it pleases, subject only to the political control of Parliament, which can censure Ministers who do not

act as it thinks well. He thinks that this is an English doctrine.

To the second question he answered, that we will pour into the African plains and hills our poor people, and so be delivered from them to their benefit. You will have seen that I am not an Africanist, as we call the enthusiasts of the African expansion. The country is no more Africanist than I am, and it would not tolerate any tax or make any effort to support this African policy which has already cost it 100,000,000 francs.

Meanwhile King Menelik, after much hesitation and delay, is approaching Adua, the capital of the Tigrè, which is the most northern province of Abyssinia. So the treaty will be completed on his part. We will be neighbours—but also friends? I doubt very much that our friendship will be of long duration. I fear rather that, in the interest of the duration of his reign, he must show the Abyssinians that he resents our encroachment on the old Abyssinian territory. For, so far as I know, the Abyssinians are neither a dead nor a weak people. Signor Crispi has said that in all his African policy there has been a cordial agreement between the Italian and English Governments. R. BONGHI.

### A THREATENING LETTER.

"A DESPATCH from St. Petersburg announced that the Czar had received a threatening letter from a woman named Tshebrikova."—*The Times*.

TRUE, humorously true, with the sly truth

Dear to a mordant Mephistopheles!

'Tis States that live on lies and banish ruth,

Which perpetrate such poignant jests as these.

A land of little ease,

Huge Rack of earth's mute millions, shackled yet,  
Freedom's least whisper is, to thee, a threat!

Great gloom-enshrouded Czar of the White North,

She calls thee Sire, this woman, even she;

Yet dares in the same breath to babble forth

The Throne-assaulting name of Liberty!

Calls loudly upon thee

To spare the Scourge and to relax the Fetter!

What *can* this be, Sire, but "a threatening letter"?

A brilliant brain and a compassionate heart,

With such calm courage as your stolid hordes

Of men-machines show not? What, then? Her part

Also is silence, not strife-waking words.

Surely the knotted cords

Are the sole answer to a woman's speech

That tenderness to Tyranny would teach.

Law must be sternly guarded—by the Lash,

Order must be supported—by the Cell.

A raving woman, eloquently rash,

Think to appease Autocracy? As well

Might plaintive Philomel

Her pleading music seek to interpose

In the fierce fights of kites or carrion crows.

"Ashamed of silence"? Let the whistling knout

Teach her soft womanhood a subtler shame.

Siberian solitudes can stifle doubt,

And drown in tear-floods patriotism's flame.

Spy, prison, torture, tame

Anarchic enemies of the Absolute.

Suppress them? Well, at least, 'twill make them mute.

So they will tell thee, Czar, thy *mouchard* throng,

Thy ministers and lackeys, as of old.

Wilt heed them, and uphold the ancient Wrong?

Or, wisely just and generously bold,

Heed the high lesson told

In temperate language by a woman's tongue,

Ere the great heart of Suffering's quite o'erstrung?



When women's pleas and children's complaints are threats,  
To the strained ear of Power, all is not well.  
A quenchless fever all the vitals frets  
Of that great land which despots make a hell.  
Liberty's voice will swell,  
And teach its manhood brave, its ardent youth,  
The truest threat to Tyranny is—Truth!

### THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

(THE REVISED VERSION).

WHEN first the college rolls receive their names  
The young enthusiasts quit their work for games;  
Through all their limbs the fever of renown  
Leads them to scorn the labours of the gown;  
O'er football fields their future labours spread,  
And many a foe they tumble on his head.  
Are these your views? Proceed illustrious souls,  
And hacking bring you to the football goals.  
Yet, should your limbs succeed in every heat,  
Till all your records there are none to beat,  
Should training guide you in the wisest way,  
And send you perfect to the racing day,  
Should no false kindness lure to drink all night,  
No pipes relax, nor early risings fright,  
Should tempting pastry-cooks your rooms refrain,  
And sloth effuse Virginian fumes in vain;  
Should beauty blunt on dons her fatal dart,  
Nor claim to triumph o'er the trainer's art;  
Should no disease spoil "torpids," or "the eights,"  
Or melancholy thoughts of coming "Greats;"  
Yet hope not life from Schools or cramming free,  
Nor think the doom of pluck reversed for ye;  
Deign on the passman's world to turn your eyes,  
And pause awhile from kicking to be wise.  
There mark what ills the athlete's life attack—  
Sprains, bruises, bumps, at times a broken back.  
See Guardians, wisely slow and meanly just,  
To worn-out athletes throw the workhouse crust;  
If "Blues" yet flatter, once again attend,  
Or else in looking blue your life will end.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

#### DOES THE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE IMPOSE LOYALTY ON THOSE WHO ACCEPT IT?

SIR,—We have in THE SPEAKER a weekly organ of public affairs which is neither mystical, nor cynical, nor amphibian, to which we may look for exposition of Liberal principle. We are told by monarchical apologists that our political constitution is Democratic. Do Liberal Dis-sentients understand this? Does Democracy mean the supremacy of the will of the majority and does its acceptance involve loyalty to its mandates? Is this the accredited policy of Liberalism, or is it not? If it be not, then we have to expect chaos at the Poll, since each party may seek its own ends regardless of the expressed will of the State. If loyalty to the will of the majority be the law of Liberalism—is not opposition to that will rebellion? Is not he who joins a party opposed to the mandate of the majority, a rebel, as much so as he who joins the enemy in making war upon his own country? Democratic principle recognises the will of the majority legally expressed as having the authority of the State. Hence he who, professing to stand on the side of Liberalism, being a member of any party, or league, or political union, seeking any object or opposing any evil, can only promote his purpose by the agitation of argument, until the majority is on his side. If, for instance, he is opposed to Home Rule, he may argue against it—he may oppose it by all means consistent with the party allegiance he professes and loyalty to the decision of the majority; but if in

impatience, or caprice, or indignation at his compeers of the Liberal Party who do not generally share his views, he calls in the aid of the Party opposed to Liberalism, and supports them in power, to resist the will of the majority—he is a traitor to Liberal principle—he initiates confusion. In every union he sets an example of disloyalty to democratic rule, and justifies rebellion against himself and the party he has joined, when their day of power comes. He who does this, whether he be a Cabinet Minister or a scientific philosopher, he sets a disastrous example to the people. The more strenuous his profession of conscientiousness, the higher his position, the greater his influence, the more pernicious is the authority he gives to every adventurer, to every enemy of democracy, to every self-seeker, to pursue his interests, his prejudices, his ambition, or his passions, at the expense of the State.

As the choice of candidates is being made and the day of the poll is near, it is necessary that a clearer understanding should exist as to what the democratic principle is and what it implies, than existed at the last general election.—Faithfully yours,

National Liberal Club.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,  
Friday, March 21, 1890.

NOTHING can well be more offensive than the abrupt asking of questions, unless indeed it be the glib assurance which professes to be able to answer them without a moment's doubt or consideration. It is hard to forgive Sir Robert Peel for having once asked "What is a pound?" Cobden's celebrated question, "What next? And next?" was perhaps less objectionable, being vast and vague, and to employ Sir Thomas Browne's well-known phrase, capable of a wide solution.

But in these disagreeable days we must be content to be disagreeable. We must even accept being so as our province. It seems now recognised that he is the best Parliamentary debater who is most disagreeable. It is not so easy as some people imagine to be disagreeable. The gift requires cultivation. It is easier, no doubt, for some than for others.

What is a nation—socially and politically, and as a unit to be dealt with by practical politicians? It is not a great many things. It is not blood, it is not birth, it is not breeding. A man may have been born at Surat and educated at Lausanne, one of his four great-grandfathers may have been a Dutchman, one of his four great-grandmothers a French refugee, and yet he himself may remain from his cradle in Surat to his grave at Singapore, a true-born Englishman, with all an Englishman's fine contempt for mixed races and struggling nationalities.

Where the English came from is still matter of controversy, but where they have gone to is writ large over the earth's surface. Yet their nationality has suffered no eclipse. Caviare is not so good in London as in Moscow, but it is caviare all the same. No foreigner needs to ask the nationality of the man who treads on his corns, smiles at his religion, and does not want to know anything about his aspirations.

England has all the notes of a nation. She has a National Church based upon a view of history peculiarly her own. She has a national oath which, without any undue pride, may be pronounced adequate for most extremities. She has a Constitution, the admiration of the world, and of which a fresh account has to be written every twenty years. She has a history, glorious in individual feats and splendid in accomplished facts; she has a literature which makes the poorest of her children, if only he has been taught to read, rich beyond the dreams of avarice. As for the national character, it may be said of an Englishman what has been truly said of the great English poet Wordsworth—take him at his best and he need own no superior. He cannot always be at his best; and when he is at his worst, the world shudders.